The Relief Society Magazine

L. 41 NO. 10 Lessons for January OCTOBER 1954

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes"

(Psalms 121:1)

Christie Lund Coles

The crags are hewn against the autumn sky,
Their color heightened by each baring tree;
The quivering aspens which have reached the high
Place of the pine, despite their frailty,
Accent the lonely skyline, and the hawk
Swoops and cries, sensing the wind and snows,
The winter that will come to leaf and rock
Beyond the beauty the beholder knows.
Yet, leaves that fall, making a brittle sound,
Rocks that rise in proud and flaming fire,
Challenge the spirit that was summer bound,
Elate the mind, urging it to aspire;
The wide sky, where few blandishments intrude,
Invites the soul to fearless solitude.

The Cover: "Cattails," Photograph by Willard Luce

Frontispiece: The Grand Canyon of the Snake River, Wyoming
Photograph by Willard Luce

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I enjoy every issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* from the beautiful cover pictures to the very last page. The articles, editorials, stories, poetry, and the lesson work are all so worthwhile and of such high quality.

—Mrs. John Gardner
Sacramento, California

I wish to express the gratitude and the satisfaction I obtain from reading *The Relief Society Magazine*. It has always been in our home. The *Magazine* has been an inspiration to us in this foreign land, and the only contact with the Church until two missionaries arrived here in Managua November 21, 1953 to open a Latter-day Saint mission in Nicaragua. We were again blessed with another contact with our Church when our beloved President David O. and Sister McKay paused for a brief thirty minutes in Managua on their extensive journey to visit the missions in faraway places.

—Allie R. Barlow
c/o United States Embassy
Managua, Nicaragua

May we tell how much we enjoy the *Magazine*? It is the only contact which some of our ladies have with the Church. Thank you for the splendid work you do.

—Merza Norlund
President, Sonoma Relief Society
Sonoma, California

I was eighty-one August 27th, not as active since I came from the hospital, but still enjoying writing and phoning to those who are ill or homebound to cheer them. I have worked in our Church organizations ever since I was old enough —a labor of love. For nine years I was on the Cache Stake Relief Society board and during that time I compiled a history of the ward Relief Society from its organization and also a history of the Cache Stake Relief Society from its organization. Success to the wonderful *Magazine*. It is doing so much good for our women.

—Lettie B. H. Rich
Logan, Utah

I love the *Magazine*, but I don't take it now, as conditions and circumstances have changed and I live with my daughters and they are subscribers to it . . . . My eyes are not too good, but I guess one cannot always be young. After one reaches eighty and over, one doesn't do quite so well.

—Sarah Carlisle
Ogden, Utah

I don't know if children are to write to you, but I'm trying to surprise my mother . . . . My mother made a poem for my sister to recite . . . . I have decided to send it to you to put in our *Magazine*, which Mother enjoys very much.

My body is a tabernacle
Our Father gave to me.
He asks me to keep it shiny clean
And neat as it can be . . . .

He promises me a place with him
If I'll be real good and kind,
And if I'll spread the gospel
So others the truth will find.

I hope all of us children will grow up to be good and kind . . . . My mother's name is Mrs. Paul Treiber, or Linnea Treiber. Thank you sincerely,

—Marilyn Treiber
Marshalltown, Iowa

At present I am summering in Yorkshire, but the weather is more like January than July . . . . Our Relief Society is engaged in its summer program and plans a salad supper as a prelude to the return of regular Relief Society meetings. Thanks again for publishing my poem. It still seems a little unreal to me.

—Marjorie G. Foote
Bellshill
Lanarkshire, Scotland

I like the *Magazine* very much and want to compliment the whole staff for the fine balance with which it is made up each month, the inspiring pictures, the poems, stories, and all the departments, also the workmanship is beyond compare and makes a pleasing combination.

—Mrs. Arlene Morris
Rocky Mount, North Carolina

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Relief Society Responsibilities

President Joseph Fielding Smith
President of the Council of the Twelve

ON the seventeenth day of March, 1842, the "Female Relief Society of Nauvoo," was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith assisted by Elder John Taylor. The Lord had revealed that the women of the Church should be organized into a society, for there was important work for them to do in aiding to "bring forth and establish the cause of Zion." This labor of the sisters was primarily to be for the benefit, encouragement, and advancement of the women of the Church that they might be prepared in all things for a place in the celestial kingdom. The responsibility was also given them to aid in the work of mercy and relief from distress and suffering of the poor, the sick, and afflicted throughout the Church. All through the years since that organization, the sisters of this society have been true to their calling and have magnified themselves in their faithfulness in that work. No task assigned has been too hard; no responsibility neglected, and through their ministrations thousands have been blessed.

Among these responsibilities was the duty of preparing the women through study and faith to obtain an understanding of the fundamental principles of the gospel; for the Lord requires of the women, as well as of the men in the Church, that they know his divine will and have an abiding testimony in their hearts of the revealed truth pertaining to salvation in the kingdom of God. The Lord did not reveal The Book of Mormon for the benefit of those who hold the Priesthood only, but for every soul who seeks the truth, male and female alike; and every member of the Church should be familiar with its contents. When he said, in speaking of the commandments in the Doctrine and Covenants, "Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled," it was not a command which concerned the male members of the Church alone, but it was intended for all. Therefore, the sisters who are placed in charge of the Relief Society, and likewise the Mutual Improvement and Primary organizations are under the necessity of giving instruction to all the women and children who come under their direction.

Every woman baptized into the Church has the hands of the elders laid on her head for the gift of the Holy Ghost that she may have the guidance of that Spirit in all truth. It is the will of the Lord that none may be without divine guidance which will reveal to them the truth and enable them to discern the light from the darkness and, thus, be fortified and given power to resist all false doctrines, theories, and notions, which are so prevalent in the world today. When the Lord said to the Church by revelation,

March 7, 1831, "For they that are wise and have received the truth, and have taken the Holy Spirit for their guide, and have not been deceived—verily I say unto you, they shall not be hewn down and cast into the fire, but shall abide the day," he meant it to be counsel to every member of the Church. Again, in speaking to the Church in a revelation given the following day, this timely counsel was proclaimed.

But ye are commanded in all things to ask of God, who giveth liberally; and that which the Spirit testifies unto you even so I would that ye should do in all holiness of heart, walking uprightly before me, considering the end of your salvation, doing all things with prayer and thanksgiving, that ye may not be seduced by evil spirits, or doctrines of devils, or the commandments of men; for some are of men, and others of devils.

Wherefore, beware lest ye are deceived; and that ye may not be deceived seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given:

For verily I say unto you, they are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep all my commandments, and him that seeketh so to do; that all may be benefited that seek or that ask of me, that ask and not for a sign that they may consume it upon their lusts.

And again, verily I say unto you, I would that ye should always remember, and always retain in your minds what those gifts are, that are given unto the church (D. & C. 46:7-10).

THIS is good counsel and it is not intended just for the men who hold the Priesthood, but is given for the benefit and guidance of man, woman, and child capable of understanding. It is true that there are many false spirits abroad and many false doctrines of devils, as well as teachings of men, that are destructive of faith which are found in all parts of the world. The Lord revealed to Nephi the conditions which would exist on the face of the earth in these last days and we are seeing them fulfilled. Among other things in which he predicted the evil tendencies of the inhabitants of the earth are the following:

But, behold, in the last days, or in the days of the Gentiles—yea, behold all the nations of the Gentiles and also the Jews, both those who shall come upon this land and those who shall be upon other lands, yea, even upon all the lands of the earth, behold, they will be drunken with iniquity and all manner of abominations.

And when that day shall come they shall be visited of the Lord of Hosts, with thunder and with earthquake, and with a great noise, and with storm, and with tempest, and with the flame of devouring fire (2 Nephi 27:1-2).

For the kingdom of the devil must shake, and they which belong to it must needs be stirred up unto repentance, or the devil will grasp them with his everlasting chains, and they be stirred up to anger, and perish;

For behold, at that day shall he rage in the hearts of the children of men, and stir them up to anger against that which is good.

And others will he pacify, and lull them away into carnal security, that they will say: All is well in Zion; yea, Zion prospereth, all is well—and thus the devil cheateth their souls, and leadeth them away carefully down to hell (2 Nephi 28:19-21).

There are some cults or factions which have broken away from the Church which are now trying to destroy it by their lying and evil doctrines. There are many false philosophies and theories prevalent in the world, and those who are not guided by the Spirit of the Lord and who have not prepared themselves by study and by faith, are in

danger of being deceived. It requires faithfulness, prayer, humility, and a proper understanding of the gospel, to counteract the influences of these evils and aid us to steer a clear course so that we may not be deceived. In this great work the various branches of the Relief Society are called on to lend their aid that there may be no iniquity among us. It is the privilege of every member of the Church to know the truth, and by faithful obedience the Spirit of the Lord will protect us and give us the inspiration by which we may, one and all, discern these evils and detect the spirit that prompts those who advocate these false doctrines.

THIS is a day of testing. Never before in the history of the world has Satan been more active and determined to destroy all that is good. He has always had great hatred for the truth. It was made known to John, in the great revelation at Patmos, the condition which would exist upon the earth in these last days. The Lord said to him: "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. 12:12).

Every day draws us near to the end of the world, a term which is greatly misunderstood by many. The end of the world and the end of the earth, when it will have finished its mortal course and shall die, be resurrected, and become a celestial globe, are two different events. The end of the world is the end of wickedness when the earth will be cleansed for the reign of Jesus Christ upon its face for a thousand years. That day is drawing near. The wars, commotions, troubles among the nations, their peoples fearing and their hearts failing them, the earthquakes and calamities in diverse places, are all taking place upon the earth. Men and nations are crying for peace and there is no peace on this earth from this time on, until the Prince of Peace comes to establish it by cleansing the earth of its wickedness. When in his ministry, the Savior said, speaking of these days: "The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity" (Matt. 13:41).

I wish to commend the sisters of this great organization for their integrity and faithfulness which have been manifest constantly since the days of Nauvoo. The instructions given by the Prophet Joseph Smith, were that it should be a select society composed of those who were chaste and virtuous, who would assist in purging out iniquity. "The Saints should be a select people, separate from all the evils of the world—choice, virtuous, and holy." (See *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pages 201-202.)

In May 1842, the Prophet gave the following instruction to the Relief Society:

> There is now a day of salvation to such as repent and reform;—and they who repent not should be cast out from this society; yet we should woo them to return to God, lest they escape not the damnation of hell! Where there is a mountain top, there is also a valley—we should act in all things on a proper medium to every immortal spirit. Notwithstanding the unworthy are among us, the virtuous should not, from a self-import-

ance, grieve and oppress needlessly, those unfortunate ones—even these should be encouraged to hereafter live to be honored by this society, who are the best portions of the community. Said he had two things to recommend to the members of this society, to put a double watch over the tongue: no organized body can exist without this at all. All organized bodies have their peculiar evils, weaknesses and difficulties, the object is to make those not so good reform and return to the path of virtue that they may be numbered with the good, and even hold the keys of power, which will influence to virtue and goodness—should chasten and reprove and keep it all in silence, not even mention them again; then you will be established in power, virtue, and holiness, and the wrath of God will be turned away (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pages 238-239).

Unconsumed Harvest

Mabel Jones Gabbott

The acrid pungency of burning brush
Had found me in the field; across the wide
Valley the lazy smoke floated in the hush
Of Indian summer in the countryside;
My work was ending, houred by the rays
Of the earth-bronzed sun; distantly I heard
The homing note a clanging cowbell plays
In the evening hum of insect, frog, and bird.

I looked up from my task to yellow fields,
Pastures new-plowed, a tufted hilltop red
With autumn, and the waiting abundant yields
Of thick ripe stalks of buckwheat; I was fed
From crops tomorrow would not measure. Though rains
And drifting snows will bring the long white night,
A harvest unconsumed always remains—
This garnering of smell and sound and sight.

Skimping on Spirituality

Helen A. Nielsen

AN old adage says: "Wear it out, use it up, make it do." The adage referred to material things. Frugality and thrift have been a part of Latter-day Saint ways.

Economy is considered a virtue. And so it is, if it pertains to things of the world and not of the spirit. It may be necessary to make a dress from less material than would be desirable. It may be necessary to use top milk when cream would be better. But it is never necessary to skimp on things of the spirit. We only have to ask, and it shall be given to us, we can ask for the Lord's Spirit and expect it.

Peace and joyousness can be ours. Prayer, scripture reading, partaking of the sacrament, keeping good company, and Church activity, all help to insure an abundance of the Holy Spirit. Let's not skimp on spirituality.

The International Council of Women Conference at Helsinki, Finland, June 1954

President Belle S. Spafford

IT is with pleasure that I bring to Relief Society members a report of the recent International Council of Women Conference with a brief mention of my other very delightful experiences in Europe.

Finland, far to the north, with its limitless forests, blue inland lakes, long, bright summer nights, and modest, hospitable people, is an interesting land. Helsinki, Finland's beautiful capital city, with a population of 400,000 people, has preserved much of its old character, yet amazes one with much that is new and modern. Its fruit, fish, flower, and vegetable markets, swarming with people, capture the interest of the visitor who may also shop in its modern department stores, visit its new and up-to-date educational and social institutions, and be housed in as modern and beautiful a hotel as is to be found in any country. This unique and attractive city was the setting for the International Council of Women Conference, June 7-18, 1954, which brought together approximately five hundred women representing thirty-four free nations.

The International Council of Women is made up of National Councils of Women of many lands, and brings together, triennially, women of all races, many nations, creeds, and classes, in the belief that the good of humanity and the well-being of the home and the family will be advanced by a greater unity of thought, purpose, and action on the part of organized women.

The Council aims to present factual data in its efforts to focus the attention of organized women on matters related to family and community life, and to encourage efforts to correct unfavorable conditions, as well as to chart courses that will promote the well-being of the home and society. Resolutions designed to aid in the accomplishment of the aims of the Council are drawn up and voted upon at the triennial meetings. However, no member National Council can be committed, in any case, to any cause or project by International Council action, except by its own vote.

Each participating National Council is allowed a number of voting delegates according to the size of its membership. The National Council of Women of the United States, the oldest member of the International Council, was allowed ten voting delegates and six alternates at the Helsinki conference. Recognition was accorded Relief Society by the National Council of

CHAIRMEN OF THE RESPECTIVE DELEGATIONS SEATED IN FRONT OF THEIR COUNTRIES' FLAGS AT THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN CONFERENCE

Note Chairman Belle S. Spafford seated in front of the flag of the United States.

Women of the United States in my appointment as chairman of the United States delegation in the absence of Mrs. Charlotte Leyden, the United States National Council President, who was unable to attend the conference. The Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association was also honored in the appointment of Mrs. Marba Josephson as an alternate delegate. Both the Relief Society and the Y.W.M.I.A. are charter members of the National Council of Women of the United States.

The meetings of the Helsinki conference were held in the new and modern buildings of the University of Helsinki and the University of Commerce. As one approached the University of Commerce, there came into view a colorful row of huge flags waving in the breeze and representing the many member nations and proclaiming the international character of the gathering.

The official languages of the conference were English and French and excellent translators were provided for both languages.

THE official opening of the conference, on Wednesday, June 9, was a brilliant and impressive affair. In addition to the conference participants, many public officials and other prominent persons were in attendance, including Madame Alli Paasikivi, wife of the President of Finland, and patron of the conference. The speakers at the opening session included Minister Virolainen, who presented the Finnish government's greetings; Alderman Lauri Aho, chairman of the city council, who bade the conference visitors welcome on behalf of the city of Helsinki; Mrs. Margit Borg-Sundman, President of the National Council of Finland, the hostess council, whose masterful management of affairs was evidence of her great leadership; and Dr. Jeanne Eder of Switzerland, President of the International Council of Women.

A very effective part of this meeting was the formal introduction of the chairmen of the respective delegations. Finnish girls dressed in national costumes carried the flags of the different nations to the dais of the festival hall where they stood in front of a row of white pillars. It was a stirring experience for me to lead the chairmen of all the nations and to stand in front of Old Glory as the United States was introduced.

The theme of the conference was "Woman's Responsibility to the Opportunities and Dangers of the

LEADERS AT THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN CONFERENCE

Left to right: Dr. Helen Gmur, Executive Secretary of the International Council of Women; Mrs. Margit Borg-Sundman, President, National Council of Women of Finland, the Hostess Council; Dr. Jeanne Eder of Switzerland, President, International Council of Women.

GROUP ASSEMBLED FOR OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE CONFERENCE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF HELSINKI, FINLAND

Atomic Age." In referring to the theme, Dr. Jeanne Eder, International Council President, said, "Today's generations are fated to stand on the frontiers of this development [atomic energy] gazing with awe into a future destined to be very different from the past into which the atom will bring enormous new good or evil, unpredictable today and depending upon the use humanity will make of its powers."

She pointed out that woman must continue to carry her world-old duties of mother, householder, educator, and the living conscience of her contemporaries; but she asked if they would also accept new interests and duties in community, working world, native land, and international relations. She referred to the present as a day "needing our work, our meditation, and our choice of values." She urged the women in meeting together to work in friendship and mutual support, led by sound reason, for the preservation of the home as a vital cornerstone of society and for the strengthening of moral and spiritual values in community life. She said women have always been the "creators and preservers of life" and "a source of strength and calmness to their neighbors"; and she appealed to them to continue in these roles, unsusceptible to the influences of propaganda that create fears and hysteria.

The forepart of the conference was devoted to sectional meetings where matters and resolutions related to the respective sections, and previously submitted by the member councils, were carefully considered. In some instances resolu-

DELEGATES OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES

Front row, left to right: Alice Stetten (seated); Belle S. Spafford, Chairman (seated); Madam Dreyfuss Barney (standing); Eunice Carter (seated); Elizabeth McAllport (standing).

Second row, left to right: Mrs. Henry G. Fowler; Grace Spofford; Mrs. Fredric Beggs; Mrs. John Sprague Bauman; Mrs. Henry Rafter; Marba Josephson.

Back row, left to right: Helen Lototsky; Rose Parsons, I. C. W. Vice-President; Lady Russell; Frances Sawyer; Dr. Arania Mallory; Ernestine Bellamy.

tions were revised and new resolutions were drawn up. The following sections were held: arts-letters-music; child welfare; cinema; education; finance; health; home economics; housing; laws and suffrage; migration; moral welfare; peace and international relations; press and public relations; radio and television; trades and professions.

Sister Marba Josephson was assigned to the section on radio and television. I was assigned to the section on moral welfare. In these sections we were both given ample opportunity to express our opinions and viewpoints and to have voice in decisions.

Some of the more serious moral problems brought to the attention of the group were: drug addiction, prostitution, extensiveness of sexual immorality, illegitimacy with its many attending problems, alcoholism, and practices which are destructive to the dignity of women, such as "bride price," and the question of "the right of a widow to the custody of her children," which exist in some countries, and the common practice, which exists in most countries, of holding "beauty contests in which women appear in scanty bathing suits and are judged very much the same as are prize cattle." These matters were regarded as demanding the attention, the condemnation, and the action of organized women.

The latter part of the conference was devoted to executive and general sessions. All matters to go before the general sessions were reviewed in the executive sessions, and resolutions and other matters

requiring vote were presented at the general sessions to the body of delegates.

A total of twenty-four resolutions was adopted by the Council having to do with matters of concern to women and in harmony with the purposes and aims of the Council. Examples of the type of resolutions adopted are: one on cinema, urging the importance of providing good family entertainment—films portraying sound moral standards and no undue violence; a resolution urging that measures be taken to do away with illiteracy, particularly in countries where this is prevalent; a resolution on moral standards, wherein the International Council "reaffirmed its belief in the necessity of applying high moral standards to men and women equally." Drawing forth, perhaps, the greatest interest was a resolution having to do with the use of atomic energy. This resolution was designed to unite organized women to work toward the prevention of the destructive and aggressive use of atomic energy and to promote its pacific uses.

Two new councils were admitted to membership—Nigeria and Pakistan. The introduction of the chairmen was a very colorful and impressive part of the conference procedures.

The entire conference had excellent official recognition. The American Minister to Finland, Mr. Jack McFall, invited the United States delegation to the legation for briefing on the history and present political situation in Finland, and honored us by being in attendance with Mrs. McFall at the official opening of the conference. Mrs. McFall gave a delightful luncheon for the delegation. Included among the guests was Sister Mae Matis, President of the Finnish Mission Relief Society, who was seated with me at the head table. The wife of the legation counselor, Mrs. Morgan, also extended us an invitation to a reception, however time was so fully programmed we had to forego this invitation.

The Finnish Council arranged many delightful social functions for the delegates, foremost of which was the reception at the Finnish palace given by Madame Alli Paasikivi and the tea given by the Minister of Education and his wife at their spacious and attractive residence. Interesting and enjoyable were the social functions given in private homes.

Considerable recognition was accorded the United States delegation at the conference and in the election of officers. Mrs. Rose Parsons, a member of the United States Council, was re-elected as a vice-president of the International Council. Mrs. Eunice Carter was elected a convener, and Mrs. Alice Stetten and Miss Grace Spofford were elected as vice-conveners for the next triennial meeting. In my opinion, the United States Council made an effective contribution to the conference.

Dr. Jeanne Eder of Switzerland was re-elected president of the International Council for the next triennial period.

Undoubtedly good was accomplished by the conference by way of greater understanding and ap-

preciation of the problems of the different nations and by the friendships established. Good will grow out of the conference because the attention of organized women was brought into focus on problems which should be of concern to women. I was impressed with the sweep of the conference, the willingness of the women to work together for common goals, and with the power inherent in the conference through its connection with so many important organizations of women in the world. Participation in the conference was a great experience.

THE experience was made more pleasant and profitable through the association with President and Sister Henry A. Matis of the Finnish Mission. These capable and highly respected Latter-day Saint leaders were ever ready to help Sister Josephson and me in meeting the many demands of the International Council of Women Conference, and they contributed to the enjoyment of our visit to Finland. It was an impressive experience to meet the missionaries who are so earnestly fulfilling their callings and to note the growth of this young mission of the Church.

I felt greatly blessed in having opportunity to meet with some of the Relief Society sisters of Finland and to observe the capable leadership, the many talents of the sisters, and their devotion to the work of Relief Society. The meaning of Relief Society in the lives of the women is very evident.

Just as these choice opportunities were afforded us in Finland, so were similar ones afforded us in other cities of Europe which we visited The many courtesies of the mission presidents and their wives and their kindness in arranging meetings where we might meet the sisters living near were sincerely appreciated. We found the same substantial women in the foreign Relief Societies as at home. They are women who love the gospel and who are willing to work for the building up of the branches and for the advancement of the work of the Church.

I was delighted with the capable local leadership and with the way the Relief Society program is being conducted. I was particularly impressed with the appeal the work meetings seem to have, as judged by the very beautiful and high standard of the sewing and handwork on display.

There is a tremendous interest in the temple under construction on a beautiful site in Switzerland and also in the proposed temple for England.

The trip to Europe of President and Sister David O. McKay was a great blessing to the Latter-day Saints in Europe, and it continues to be a highlight in the missions of Europe. Personally, I feel greatly blessed in having had the privilege of meeting so many devoted, stalwart Relief Society sisters in faraway missions of the Church, and of mingling with representative women from so many nations of the world who were attending the International Conference of Women.

Contentment Is a Lovely Thing

Dorothy S. Romney

Chapter 1

THE heat in the valley was oppressive this morning, and it would be much worse by midday. Margaret already felt weary. She pushed some of the breakfast dishes out of the way so that she could prop her elbows on the kitchen table and rest her forehead against the palms of her hands. It eased her dizziness and shut out the sight of the disorderly kitchen, but it didn't make her forget that she had only four hours to get the house, herself, and the baby presentable for the arrival of her husband's father and mother.

I wonder if it's just that I'm scared? she thought wildly. After all, he is Jed's father—even if he is a successful brain surgeon; and she's Jed's mother—even if she has money and social position.

Margaret had never met her "in-laws." It seemed that Dr. Lansing was always too busy at the hospital to get away for the trip, and her baby's coming had provided her with just as good a reason for not accompanying Jed on his infrequent trips to the city where his parents lived.

Although they had never come right out and said so, Margaret felt instinctively that they held her responsible for Jed's discontinuing his medical training. In any case she was sure that they considered a country girl an unsuitable wife. Well, she'd prove to them that it had been Jed's idea, not hers, for him to become a farmer, and that being a farmer didn't necessarily mean giving up the finer things of life—that is if she could get over this feeling of listlessness and get enough strength in her knees to stand up and start working.

Jed had eaten his usual hearty breakfast a couple of hours ago and gone off to the barn with a promise to be back in plenty of time to meet his parents' train. The ticking of the clock sounded loud in the stillness of the unusually hot morning, and she noticed that it was nearly ten o'clock. Mrs. Jackson, a widow and their nearest neighbor, had promised to be here by nine to help with the last-minute preparations. Margaret simply couldn't manage all she had to do alone.

She peeked at Kimmy who looked like an angel asleep, and hurried through the kitchen door.

She went past the orchard that separated the two places, under the trees that were already bursting with swollen pink buds, and cautiously climbed through the barbed wire fence Jed had put up to keep stray cattle out. As soon as she straightened up she could see that there was a note on the door of the Jackson cottage. It was pinned up with a safety pin, and characteristically brief: "My sister sent for me. She is sick. Emma Jackson."

Margaret walked slowly back to her own house. There were so many things that needed doing, but

she would just have to get busy and do them herself in double quick time, in spite of her increasing ill feeling.

As she bent to pick up the clothes-basket a sharp pain stabbed at her back. She shrugged it off and finished hanging out the clothes just as Kimmy's first morning shouts of glee were heard.

As she lifted the sturdy little boy, the pain she had felt when she picked up the basket of clothes seared through her again. She would simply ignore it. This was no time to indulge herself, she felt. She had planned one pleasant surprise after another for every minute of Jed's parents' seven-day visit.

She forced herself to begin washing the breakfast dishes, keeping a wary eye on Kimmy through the nursery door adjoining the kitchen. Perhaps she was just unduly excited over meeting Jed's parents for the first time. Still, she reasoned, excitement didn't give you pains in the back.

BY the time she had finished the dishes Margaret felt that her legs wouldn't hold her another minute. She sank down in the old-fashioned rocking chair—the same chair her mother had sat in to rock her as a baby. She closed her eyes and longed to hear Jed's firm step outside the kitchen door. Just to have him near, she felt, would give her strength to get up and get started again. Kimmy was beginning to get fretful, and once she started to rise to go to him, then reconsidered. If she had some contagious disease she wouldn't want to expose him to it. By this time Kimmy was really making himself heard, and she thought she couldn't bear not to take him up another minute when the screen door to the kitchen opened and Jed came in.

"Hi," he greeted, and then stopped short. "Margaret, what on earth is the matter with you? You look ill," he said.

"I feel fine," she replied, trying to put strength and cheer into her voice and failing.

Jed gave her a sharp look. "Say, you're not letting Mother's and Dad's visit bother you, are you?" he asked, with sudden inspiration.

"No, of course not," she denied. "You'd better get Kimmy, he thinks we've deserted him," she added with an effort.

He went into the nursery and came back with Kimmy, who quieted down as soon as his father picked him up. Jed strapped him in his high chair and gave him a zwieback, then walked over and picked Margaret up bodily.

"I'll just tuck you in bed and go over and get Mrs. Jackson," he said. "You're not fooling me one bit. My girl never gives up like this unless she's ill."

Margaret sank gratefully onto the comfortable bed. There was no strength left in her to protest that she should change from her neat gingham house dress into a gown or robe.

"Mrs. Jackson isn't home. Her sister is ill," she managed to tell Jed.

"We'll get along," he answered cheerfully.

Kimmy had begun to cry again as soon as his parents left the kitchen, and his shrieks had reached a new crescendo, but even these

seemed far away and remote. Margaret pulled the sheet up over her. It felt cool and in the few minutes she slept.

When she awoke again she could hear Jed in the kitchen. It always amazed her how anyone as large as he was could be so deft and efficient with his hands. He would have made a wonderful surgeon she found herself thinking. After a few moments he appeared in the doorway to the bedroom.

"I have to meet the train in an hour," Jed told her. "Kimmy is strapped in his high chair. Keep an eye on him while I go down to the barn and get the station wagon. I'll just be a minute."

He was gone before she could answer. No sound reached her ears until the screen door burst open and Jed rushed in.

"Can't get the motor started," he said excitedly. "I'd better call the Hawkins' place and see if I can borrow Jim's car. He's plowing this morning and won't be using it."

Being a realist, Margaret knew that it was high time the station wagon did a little balking. It had been the good old standby of almost the entire community for the past three years, ever since Jed had bought it secondhand when they first were married. It had carried loads of people on picnics, Jed's entire troop of Boy Scouts on numerous outings, and had served as a delivery truck whenever any of the neighbors had run short of supplies that were needed in a hurry.

THESE thoughts all flashed through her mind as she caught snatches of Jed's telephone conversation with Liza Hawkins. "Fine, Liza, I'll be right over to pick it up . . . you sure Jim won't need it? . . . . No, thanks, Margaret will be all right . . . I won't be gone long."

A second later Jed appeared in the doorway. "It's all arranged," he said, his usual happy smile back on his face. "Jim won't be using his car today, and don't worry, honey, while I'm gone. I won't be more than forty-five minutes at the most. Dad will be able to fix you up in a hurry when he gets here. There's no need to bring Dr. Miller out. Dad hasn't always been a brain surgeon, you know. He started out the hard way as a general practitioner. It was just a few years ago that he began specializing."

Margaret hadn't known this, and thought it strange that Jed hadn't mentioned it before. She must ask him how his father came to change from general practice to brain surgery, but there wasn't time now to do anything but take care of the present crisis.

"Try to get some sleep while Kimmy and I are gone, honey, and don't worry," he called back cheerfully, and the last she could see of them was Kimmy struggling to turn around and wave his chubby pink fist at her, excitement and the sheer joy of living manifested by the rapid kicking of his short legs.

The window was open and the sweet scent of the first lilacs floated in as a slight breeze fanned the snowy white ruffled curtains that had been painstakingly ironed and hung up only yesterday. As Margaret watched the gently moving

curtains her eyes grew weary, and she finally fell into a fitful sleep.

Sometime later when Margaret awakened, she walked over to the large window which gave a clear view of the road for miles. Margaret scanned it for an approaching car, but there was none. A south wind had sprung up, and that meant rain. Her eyes turned to the great red barn, and she saw that Jed had left the doors wide open in his hurry to get away. They were swinging in the wind. She should go down and close them, instead she hurried, still shivering, for the warmth of the bed. The bright, hot day was gone, and it was gloomy and chill.

Just as she pulled the covers that she kept folded on the end of the bed up over her, she heard the first clap of thunder, and the rain spattering down hard on the roof. Jed had taken Kimmy away in his sunsuit, and hadn't taken a sweater along. He would be simply frozen. The storm was at its height when she finally heard the Hawkins' car stop at the kitchen door. It wouldn't enter Jed's head to bring his parents in through the front door. Margaret dreaded having to meet them in her present state. She felt like pulling the coverlet up over her head, as she had done when she was a little girl and wanted to get away from anything unpleasant or terrifying.

(To be continued)

End of Summer

Nell B. Brenchley

Before me lies the garden, desolate;
On every side are withered leaf and vine,
And yellowed cornstalks, ghosts of summer days,
Stir noisily as autumn winds entwine.

Across my lawn a coverlet of leaves
Is spread, and ash and scarlet maple blend,
Where trees flaunt naked limbs, quite unashamed,
And bare their souls to all at summer's end.

The flowers, brown and withered, row on row,
Remind of frost through autumn's golden haze;
Only a rose blooms on, despite chill air,
A monument to lovely summer days.

The birds whose summer symphonies I loved
Have long since flown away, I know not where!
The willows lone and silent now, until
The raucous cry of magpie rends the air.

A sadness fills my heart at summer's end,
Nor do I mourn that the days grow colder,
Autumn I love—but this do I lament,
Time too swiftly wanes . . . and I grow older.

Grant M. Haist

SYLVAN LAKE, NEAR EAST ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, WYOMING

The Rainbow Ending

Bertha A. Kleinman

If the rainbow spanned a primsie arch,
When I was young and bolder,
It spans a golden super-arch
Today when I am older.

If skies were blue when I was young
With cloud-dust intertwining,
Today their blue with gold is spun
And clouds have turned their lining.

If friends were allies in my youth
To joy-dreams of the morrow,
Today in tested ranks of truth
They steady me in sorrow.

And so I cull from out the past
A fuller, deeper blending,
And in the things that live and last,
I find my rainbow's ending.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1954

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

FEMININE HINTS: The house wife has been employed all the summer long with her arduous but satisfying labor of preparing fruit for the winter months and now with what a pleasure she points to her shelves filled with bottles of fresh berries and fruits, her jars of rich preserves, her glasses of clear, delicious jelly . . . .

—Selected

THE POLITICAL QUESTION: The great fundamental principles of government . . . should be carefully studied and those who anticipate having the franchise should arm themselves well with this knowledge and not come ignorantly into possession of the boon . . . . There will be many important and serious questions to be discussed that concern women as well as men . . . education, public charities . . . sanitation and public health, moral and other great reforms.

—Editorial

AUTUMNAL DREAMS

Through the rustling woods I wander
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that still is dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

—Bayard Taylor

ARTISTS: Rosa Bonheur is no longer the only woman artist who is entitled to wear upon her breast the Cross of the Legion of Honor, for a like distinction has just been bestowed upon Mme. Virginia Demont Breton, the daughter of Jules Breton and the wife of Adrian Demont, both of them masters of the brush. Mme. Demont-Breton has for the last dozen years been a successful exhibitor, in the Paris Salon, of marine pictures.

—Selected

REPORT ON A VISIT TO THE CANADIAN RELIEF SOCIETIES: My dear sisters, I greet all most heartily, consider all hands shaken. The sisters meetings in Alberta and Mountain View were well attended, the saints are filled with the spirit of the Lord, I never attended better meetings in my life . . . . At the Fair a straw hat was given to my daughter, and with the exception of a little piece of velvet, it was entirely home made; they have made many articles of clothing . . . . If I had means I would send for a knitting machine and teach a class of girls to knit. I feel the Lord is well pleased with the labors of his handmaids.

—Zina D. H. Young

MUSIC: A man once said that nature had given less to music than any of the arts. I wonder if he ever wandered through a forest in the autumn time when the leaves whispered their goodbyes as they swung and swayed through the mellow air in their falling to the ground; if he ever heard the birds as they bade farewell to their summer nests and flocking together by the hundreds gave their glorious final chorus before migrating to the south . . . .

—Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD of the general board of Relief Society recently received a special citation from the American Heritage Foundation for her outstanding performance as co-chairman for the State of Utah in the 1954 Crusade for Freedom in support of Radio Free Europe.

GENEVIEVE DE GALARD-TERRAUBE, French Air Force nurse, the "Angel of Dien Bien Phu," who, under siege, refused to be evacuated and leave the wounded without care, received a royal welcome in New York and Washington in July. She is said to be the first citizen of France to come to the United States as the guest of Congress since the Marquis of Lafayette was so honored in 1824. In a dank underground shelter which served as a hospital, she tended the wounded for fifty-nine days, the only woman in the fortress. She received the United States' Medal of Freedom, and later, a citation from the Medical Association in Chicago. She was received at the White House by President and Mrs. Eisenhower.

IN August, seventeen-year-old Lorna Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Young of Salt Lake City, won the title "America's prettiest schoolgirl" in a national competition. She was awarded the trip to New York with her mother, a one-thousand-dollar wardrobe, and a cash prize of one thousand dollars, which will help with her education. Miss Young is the great-great granddaughter of Lorenzo Dow Young, brother of Brigham Young.

EVELYN MARGARET AY, from Ephrata, Pennsylvania, a town of 7,859 population, received the title "Miss America" in this year's contest. Miss Ay is of German parentage and was a medical student.

EDITH CAROW ROOSEVELT, wife of President Theodore Roosevelt, is vividly portrayed in "The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill," by Herman Hagedorn, "primarily a story of a man and his wife, the house they loved, and the six children they brought up in it."

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Susan Davis, Wallsburg, Utah, ninety-six; Mrs. Anna Karilla Taylor Goddard, Bill Williams Ranch, near Benson, Arizona, ninety-five; Mrs. Lydia Ann Butterfield Middleton Terry Cole, Salt Lake City, ninety-three; Mrs. Alice Norris Sears, Salt Lake City, ninety; Mrs. Elizabeth Solomon Beesley, Salt Lake City, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 OCTOBER 1954 NO. 10

The Heritage of Relief Society

NOW that the autumn season has brought back regular weekly Relief Society meetings, it is worthwhile to remember the record of the past, to survey the present, and to look forward to the future of Relief Society. In these gold and amber days, we think of Relief Society as a harvest of the precious seeds planted long ago in Nauvoo, and as we prepare for our meetings and follow the path to the chapel, and on to the Relief Society room, it seems a blessed privilege to meet again with our sisters. And even as the notes of singing rise and the prayer is heard, in our hearts we rejoice in the future of Relief Society, for it is a world-wide sisterhood designed to bless our Father's daughters in the years to come.

It is for the older women to bequeath to the younger ones the priceless heritage of Relief Society. Let all of our young women be told the precious history—of the sisters who saw the Prophet Joseph Smith and heard his voice, of how they were joined together in love and service by authority of the Priesthood, and a pattern for their meetings and for their charitable activities given in that time of rejoicing when the Prophet was upon the earth.

Let us give to our daughters some vision of the great courage and tender compassion of the women who traveled westward to the far frontier, taking with them the teachings and the hopes of Relief Society women, for there were many who had attended meetings in Nauvoo who took with them to the western mountains the traditions and the heritage of the sisterhood. It should be made known to our young women that benevolence, solicitude, unselfish sharing, were attributes of the westward women as they established their homes in the wilderness—as they built their boweries and their humble Relief Society halls—as they comforted each other and lifted their voices in thanksgiving for Relief Society and for the gospel.

Our young women should be given a vivid picture of pioneer Relief Society officers and visiting teachers traveling the rough roads and the narrow trails—by horseback, in wagons, and even on foot to visit the scattered members and the far-separated organizations and take to them the words of inspiration and instruction to bind the sisters together in unity of purpose and practice.

Let it be known that Relief Society is not for this day alone, nor for this time in the swift passage of the years. It is a heritage from the past, a beautiful and satisfying pattern for the present, and a continued way of life for the future.

Let it be known that Relief Society meetings are being held in vil-

lages and cities over the earth—in all the states of the Union, in countries beyond the sea, in the northern lands, and in the south, and in the islands of the far oceans. Relief Society is a world-wide sisterhood, growing in beauty and strength and influence, ever increasing its membership and its field of service, ever appealing to women young or old who love their homes, their families, and their Church; calling through the years to women who wish to develop themselves in the wide and lovely fields of home and handicrafts, theology, literature, and social science.

There is no narrow way for Relief Society women to follow—their road is broad and shining. They return, these radiant autumn days, not to their particular societies alone, for going with them are the hopes and the aspirations, the guidance and direction of women, who, for more than a hundred years, have sought the companionship of their sisters in gaining greater joy and giving greater service, working together to build for themselves and for others that life of glorious fulfillment which no woman can build alone.

—V. P. C.

Mary J. Wilson Resigns from General Board

IT is with regret that the general board announces the resignation of Mary J. Wilson, as of September 1, 1954, due to the appointment of her husband, David J. Wilson, as a judge of the Federal Customs Court in New York City. Sister Wilson was appointed to the board in January 1947, and has served for almost eight years. During those years she has won the love of the sisters of Relief Society who have been privileged to partake of her sweet spirit of humility and love for her fellow man. No little attention which she could give to an individual seeking understanding has been withheld because of personal duties or her diversity of interests.

As a member of the general board, Sister Wilson has served with zeal and faithfulness in all her many and varied committee assignments. She is a granddaughter of Zina D. H. Young, who was general president of Relief Society from 1888 to 1901. Attributes which characterized the noble life of Zina Young are also found in Sister Wilson and appreciated by her fellow board members.

The general board is happy in the honor that has come to Sister Wilson's husband, and extends to Sister Wilson its love and best wishes in the new responsibility which will be hers.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Perry Pictures Catalogue Available for Twenty-Five Cents

THE catalogue of the Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Massachusetts, is available at a cost of 25c. The catalogue lists many pictures at small cost, and in various sizes, which are useful as visual aids in the social science and literature lessons, as well as other pictures valuable to mothers in their homes and to school children.

Farm Shopping

Iris W. Schow

When we were little, on the first cool night,
Our father sat beside a table spread
With order blanks and pens, ink at his right;
He was the scribe. Our mother clearly read

Descriptions from the catalogue aloud:
"Side pockets," "Placket closing in the back,"
"All of new wool," "The wearer can be proud,"
"Drawers ankle length, in choice of cream or black."

Were these for me? Oh, joy—my brother's size!
"Wide-collared sweater, worsted, in deep rose."
The lamp was rubbed. Next week before our eyes
The genie (Postman Jones) brought all they chose

Straight to our farm. Outpourings of delight
Held sway: "How pretty!" "Mine?" "Look, what finds!"
And the desire to learn to read and write
Stirred wistfully in our unfolding minds.

A Small Trouble

Celia Luce

A small trouble is like a pebble. Hold it too close to your eye, and it fills the whole world and puts everything out of focus. Hold it at proper viewing distance, and it can be examined and properly classified. Throw it at your feet, and it can be seen in its true setting, just one more tiny bump on the pathway to eternity.

Rolls Are Rising!

Winnifred C. Jardine

Food Editor, *Deseret News and Telegram*

THERE'S nothing so wonderful as the aroma of freshly baked rolls. And there's nothing can add such a nice touch to a meal. In fact, it is said that plain meals become fancy when hot rolls are served—and that is true!

Making good rolls is as much an art as sculpturing or singing or sewing. And there's an exhilarating sense of accomplishment when rolls are taken from the oven—golden-brown, light, tantalizing, perfect!

In spite of mixes on the market, many women still enjoy seeing their rolls mixed from the beginning. Refrigerator rolls are perfect for crowded days—mixed in leisure, baked in busyness. On the other hand, for stay-at-home days, perfect rolls can be mixed, left to rise, and baked within a few hours.

The memory of hot rolls fresh from the oven is too precious to be missed by anyone. See that this homey memory is one your family will be able to cherish!

To help you, here are some tips on making hot rolls, along with three of the best roll recipes we've ever tried—a light, white refrigerator roll, a half-'n-half sweet yeast roll, and an all-wholewheat that's tender and luscious. And finally, there are descriptions of all the interesting ways rolls can be shaped.

In Making Rolls, Remember!

For excellent eating and keeping quality, doughs should be kept as soft as possible, almost sticky, just so they can be handled.

Rolls will be crusty if placed an inch apart on baking sheet.

All muffin tins, baking sheets, and pans should be greased with an unsalted fat.

Rolls brushed with salad oil or melted fat before baking will have tender crusts. Those brushed with milk or with one beaten egg diluted with one tablespoon milk will have crisp crusts.

Rolls should be served at once or turned out of pans to cool.

The best way to reheat rolls is to place them in a plain paper bag, sprinkle bag lightly with water, and place in hot oven three to five minutes before serving.

To glaze buns, take them from the oven a minute or two before they are done, brush with milk or slightly beaten egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Then return to oven a minute to glaze.

For a simple powdered sugar icing, sift a little sugar into a small mixing bowl, moisten with cream or milk to spreading consistency, add flavoring, if desired, and spread over slightly warm breads.

Almost any dough except plain bread dough can be kept in the refrigerator. Dough made with at least ¼ cup sugar and milk will keep about 3 days. Dough made with water will keep in the refrigerator for 5 days. Put dough into refrigerator immediately after mixing; kneading can be done before or after refrigeration period. Grease top of dough well and cover with waxed paper, then with snug refrigerator cover or aluminum foil. When dough is taken from refrigerator, allow to stand at room temperature for 30 minutes, then knead, if desired, and shape into rolls; allow to rise until doubled in bulk.

Soften active dry yeast in *warm* water (110°F.); soften compressed yeast in *lukewarm* water (85°F.), or compressed yeast may be softened in milk mixture.

Light Refrigerator Rolls

1 c. shortening
¾ c. sugar
2 tsp. salt
1 c. boiling water
2 cakes compressed or active dry yeast
½ c. lukewarm water
4 eggs
7½ c. sifted all-purpose flour
1 c. cold water

In a very large mixing bowl, cream together shortening, sugar, and salt. Add boiling water and stir until mixture is smooth. Soften yeast in lukewarm water, then add to shortening mixture which has cooled to lukewarm. Beat eggs and add to yeast-shortening mixture. Add flour alternately with cold water and stir until dough is well combined and smooth. Lightly grease top of dough and cover bowl tightly with waxed paper. Then put a piece of aluminum foil over waxed paper and fasten tightly with rubber band. Place dough in refrigerator overnight. When ready to make rolls, knead desired amount of dough and shape into rolls. Let rise until double in bulk—2 or 3 hours. Bake at 400°F. for 12 minutes or until brown. Makes about five dozen rolls.

Sweet Yeast Dough
(Part Wholewheat)

1 yeast cake, compressed or active dry
¼ c. lukewarm water
1 c. milk
1½ tsp. salt
¼ to ½ c. sugar
⅓ to ½ c. shortening
1 or 2 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. grated lemon rind, if desired
4¼ c. sifted flour, about (use ⅓ to ½ wholewheat)

Soften yeast in lukewarm water. Scald milk, cool to lukewarm. Add salt, sugar, and shortening. Add flour to make thick batter. Add yeast, eggs, and lemon rind. Beat well. Add enough more flour to make soft dough. Cover and let rest 10 to 15 minutes. Turn out on lightly floured kneading board. Knead until surface is smooth and satiny. Place in greased bowl. Cover tightly and let rise till slightly more than doubled in bulk. Punch down and let rise 30 minutes. This second rising makes rolls with finer texture. Punch down and let rest 10 minutes. Shape into desired rolls. Cover and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk. Bake at 375°F. for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes about three and a half dozen rolls.

Wholewheat Rolls

2 yeast cakes, compressed or active dry
½ c. lukewarm water
1 tsp. brown sugar
⅓ c. melted shortening
⅓ c. brown sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 c. milk, scalded and cooled to lukewarm
2 tsp. salt
4½ to 5 c. unsifted wholewheat flour

Combine yeast, ½ c. lukewarm water, and 1 tsp. brown sugar, and allow to stand until yeast is softened. Combine shortening, ⅓ c. sugar, eggs, milk, and salt. Add yeast mixture and stir thoroughly. Add flour and mix well. Turn out onto well-floured board and knead until smooth and satiny. Place in greased bowl. Cover tightly and let rise till slightly less than double in bulk—1½ to 2 hours. Shape into desired rolls and place on greased tins. Let rise in warm place until slightly less than double in bulk—about 1 hour. Bake at 400°F. for 15 to 20 minutes.

How to Shape Rolls

Pan Rolls: Shape dough into smooth, round balls about 2 inches in diameter and place on greased pans. Brush with melted butter or margarine.

Courtesy National Dairy Council

CINNAMON ROLLS

Parker House Rolls: Roll dough ¼ to ½ inch thick. Cut into rounds with biscuit cutter. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Make crease across center of each. Fold so top half slightly overlaps. Press edges together. Place close together in pan.

Fan Tans: Roll dough ¼ inch thick into a long oblong 9 inches wide. Spread with melted butter or margarine. Cut into 6 long strips 1½ inches wide. Stack 6 strips evenly, one on top of another. Cut into 1-inch pieces. Place cut-side-down in greased muffin pans.

Hamburger Buns: Roll dough ½ inch thick. Cut into 6-inch rounds with cutter and place on greased baking sheets, or use a piece of dough about 2½ inches in diameter and shape it with your hands, flattening it slightly.

Hot Dog Buns: Roll dough ½ inch thick. Cut into rectangles 5 by 2 inches and place on greased baking sheets, or use a piece of dough about 2½ inches in diameter and roll between palms of hands into the shape of a frankfurt and flatten slightly.

Cloverleaf Rolls: Form bits of dough into balls about 1 inch in diameter. Place 3 balls in each greased muffin cup. Brush with melted butter or margarine.

Crescents (Butterhorns): Roll dough into a 12-inch circle about ¼ inch thick. Spread with melted butter or margarine. Cut into 16 pie-shaped pieces. Beginning at wide end, roll up very loosely. Place on greased pan, point underneath.

Cinnamon Rolls: Roll ½ recipe of wholewheat or part wholewheat dough and ⅓ recipe of light refrigerator dough into rectangle ¼ inch thick. Brush each rectangle with 2 tsp. melted butter or margarine; sprinkle with mixture of ¼ c. sugar, 2 tsp. cinnamon, and ¼ c. raisins. Roll loosely as for jelly roll; seal edge; cut in 1-inch slices. Place cut side down in greased muffin tins. After baking, remove from pans, cool, and frost with confectioner's icing: Add sufficient top milk or cream to 2 c. sifted con-

fectioner's sugar to make of spreading consistency. Add dash of salt and 1 tsp. vanilla.

Orange Rolls: Roll out dough as for cinnamon rolls. Spread with 2 tbsp. melted butter or margarine which has been mixed with 2 tsp. orange juice. Sprinkle with ¼ c. granulated sugar and 1 tbsp. grated orange rind. Roll loosely as for jelly roll; seal edge; cut in 1-inch slices. Place cut side down in greased muffin tins.

Pecan Rolls: Roll out dough as for cinnamon rolls. Spread with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with ¼ c. brown sugar and ¼ c. chopped pecans. Combine 2 c. brown sugar, ¼ c. light corn syrup, 1 tbsp. butter or margarine and beat slowly until blended. Place mixture into bottom of greased individual muffin tins or greased shallow pans along with pecan halves. Place rolls, cut side down, over mixture.

A Letter From Mother

My Dear Children:

Greetings and love to you. I hope this day finds you and the children well and happy, for happiness is essential to our enjoyment of all God's blessings.

Autumn flowers and soft winds and beautiful sunsets fill our hearts with warmth and love for all mankind, and for our Creator who made our world with supreme care and the Master's skill.

Last night I read the first chapter of Genesis. It is a wonderful story, how our Heavenly Father, with infinite care and understanding, created this earth. At the close of the chapter we read: "And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good" (Genesis 1:31).

What satisfaction God must have felt when, after all his labor of creation, he found that his work was good. Isn't that a wonderful example to be set before us? Our Father in heaven set us the example of work. Work was the thing that brought a reward. Work. Good work.

Perhaps we cannot perform work that is good according to God's specification, for we know that we are imperfect ourselves. But he sent his Son here to the earth with all his glorious teachings which comprise our gospel, which word in itself means, *good news*; so that we can go as far as this world's limitations will let us toward perfection, if we will.

Well, there's one thing about it, we can try! We can begin now by remembering what Jesus said to his disciples, "love one another; as I have loved you" (John 13:34). Say it over. Repeat it a few times. Tender, inspiring, isn't it? And if we add faith and prayer to our daily schedule, we will probably feel a great satisfaction coming from our hard work and noble desires.

I sincerely hope, dear ones, that when we have reached the end of our work here upon the earth we will find that it has been good, according to our possibilities.

Can you arrange your affairs so that we will see you and have another fine visit at conference time, if not before?

Please be safe and happy, and write soon.

Lovingly,
Mother
Clara Horne Park

"To Be or Not to Be" or Cats in the Home

Mary C. Martineau

SHOULD cats be in the home, sisters? Who shall say whether or not cats shall be in the home? Shall it be the head of the house, the father, or shall it be the mother, or shall it be the oldest son, the middle child, or the baby, or shall it be a matter of legislation debated on the floor of the House and Senate and then referred to the Governor of the State?

I shall give you a few reasons against cats in the home, and I appeal to you to say who shall be the judge. Cats sometimes cause hay fever. Cats sometimes carry tapeworms. Cats sometimes scratch furniture. Cats tear curtains, break dishes and flower pots, scratch the baby, and yowl at night, to say nothing of the killing of songbirds. Out upon the cats, I say!

One winter day all three children were in the house enjoying their books and the cozy warmth of the fireplace and the song and twitter of Dick and Dilly in their green and gold cage by the window.

The wind howled around the house and seeped in a little around the door, when above it all we heard "Me-ew . . . Mew" on the front porch. Joanne, middle child, ran to the door and tore it open, and there on the porch stood a darling long-haired kitten, lifting its little feet and shaking off the snow.

"Don't touch that cat," I said firmly but gently, coming to the door for the express purpose of drawing Joanne in and closing it. Mary Florence, youngest, however, was already aware of my purpose. She would have had the cat in her arms in a jiffy, but Joanne grasped it first, and, when the door closed, the cat was *not* out of the house.

How they begged to keep it! My husband looked up from his paper and, seeing my belligerent attitude, said soothingly, "Well, if it would catch mice that would be different, wouldn't it, Mother?"

"Yes," I said, "but I just won't have it. So, that is that." Then to Mary and Joanne I said, "You can take it down in the basement until the blizzard is over."

The oldest boy grinned knowingly.

Down into the basement went the two little girls, the dear little kitten hugged closely, and all was peace and quiet again. Then "shriek, shriek" came up the basement stairs, and we were all on our feet, and down the basement we flew. Then on a door, a little way up, was a splash of red.

"She's killed a mouse, Papa, she's killed a mouse! Now she can stay, can't she?" asked Joanne.

I inspected the red. *Paint,* I thought.

Papa inspected the red. "A mouse," he said.

And I accepted defeat, for the little faces looking up at me were

so full of pleading, and Mary's eyes were full of tears.

In my own arms then, I held the little cat and sat on the stairsteps while they all gathered round it. It was such a pretty, pretty cat of silvery gray, with the bluest eyes and the longest fur. Perry reminded me that I let him keep Kitty Lewis when he was little.

I thought of the birds upstairs in their cage. I thought of the tapeworms, the scratches on the furniture, the curtains, and the dishes, and the scratch on Mary's little hand already.

BUT I also saw a little girl watching a kitten drinking milk from a pan by the kitchen stove on a winter morning, and remembered so well the love that welled up in her heart for the dear mother who had let the kitten in out of the cold.

Memory does strange things to all of us, and I held the little cat while Joanne shyly stroked it and said, "Her name is Silver Fluff, Mama."

For over a year I kept that cat from killing the birds. I never let a chair be placed anywhere near the cage which my husband had now taken from its stand and placed high on a hook above the window. I was getting weary. It was nerve-racking.

Then Christmas came.

After the children had taken their toys out of their stockings, and all was joy and mirth and candy, the neighbors' children came in to show their dolls. Joanne put the cat down and got her own doll and went visiting all the neighbors. Little Mary was left alone. She was too little to go out in the snow. She put her doll down in its bed and gathered Silver Fluff in her arms and sat down in the little rocking chair. Back and forth, back and forth, went the little rocking chair, and Mary's voice rang out, "Joy to the world, the tat is mine . . . joy to the world the tat is mine."

How everyone laughed, and I laughed, too. But I recognized that it was Mary holding the cat for once, and she was lonely. It belonged to Joanne all the time.

Then came the crises. One day when the children came home from school and ran down to get Silver Fluff from the basement, Silver Fluff was a mother! There she lay in a little bed I had made for her, and she had three helpless baby kittens snuggled close to her. She mewed softly, and a new tone was in her voice. Oh, such joy for the children and such dismay for me, and such amusement for my husband.

He stood looking, his gray eyes twinkling, as he said, "Mother, there won't be a mouse in the country when this cat family gets through with them."

"Nonsense," I said, "we aren't going to keep all those cats."

But Joanne said, "Well, one is for Perry, one is for Mary, and I'll keep the other one. I will name mine Pavlowa."

Perry said, "Mine is Einstein."

"Mine," said Mary, "is Jennie Lind."

I said nothing. I was thinking of little Mary on Christmas morning rocking and singing, "Joy to the world, the tat is mine."

Sisters, can parents judge? I ask you. The question is now in your hands!

Let's Get Ready for Christmas

Helen S. Williams

". . . It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35).

Hal Rumel

CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT ARE DIFFERENT
Gifts and Arrangement by Florence C. Williams

OFTEN one thinks of sharing in a material sense only—but the person who creates ideas and shares them freely for the enjoyment and benefit of others will receive blessings of happiness and satisfaction quite beyond description, for it is in sharing that one receives, and it is in giving that one gains.

One of the choicest characteristics of Florence Williams is the rare quality of generosity of spirit, of sincerely wanting to share ideas for the benefit and joy of others. It is not surprising, then, that in early autumn she begins to think about ideas for Christmas, so that she may share them with you.

Let's get ready for Christmas! We were never more serious. The real joy of Christmas comes when we can create with our own hands and heads just the right present for each friend and relative and loved one. If we put something of ourselves into the making of a gift, a bit of our heart goes into that gift also, and it becomes not just an article, but a bond, an expression of love and friendship.

It takes time and love and thought to make gifts for Christmas, and October isn't too soon to begin thinking about that season which now seems so far away.

Remember last year and that push and rush the week before Christmas? You probably went around mumbling under your breath, "Too, too much to do, never will be ready in time," and silently wondering if Christmas was worth all the work and fuss. Well, try to recall those hectic days now and take a good look at the above picture, then perhaps you'll find inspiration from Florence who plans months ahead for the Christmas season giving.

Perhaps, if you can catch the spirit of Christmas early, when the Christmas season rolls around you will have time to visit the lonely, the sick, and the unfortunate, and carry the spirit of peace and love into their homes, for, after all, that is what the true spirit of Christmas means.

Let's start by describing the cunning red felt skirt and white blouse that hang in the upper left-hand corner in the above picture. Florence has made six of these skirts, one for each of her little granddaughters. The skirt is a perfect circle of bright red felt cut with pinking shears—so it needs no finishing. Each skirt is figured just the right length from the waist to the edge of the circle. Take the waist measurement and cut a perfect circle in the center, then make the placket down the side, finished with a fine red zipper. The band is a piece of pinked felt, as are the straps over the shoulders.

Red and white peppermints wrapped in cellophane and tied with tiny ribbons are pinned here and there all over the skirt. Then, just to make it really festive, a gay red and white candy-striped, ruffled taffeta petticoat swishes underneath. Can't you just picture six little girls, hand in hand, dancing around the Christmas tree, each of them in her adorable red felt skirt and rustling red and white petticoat?

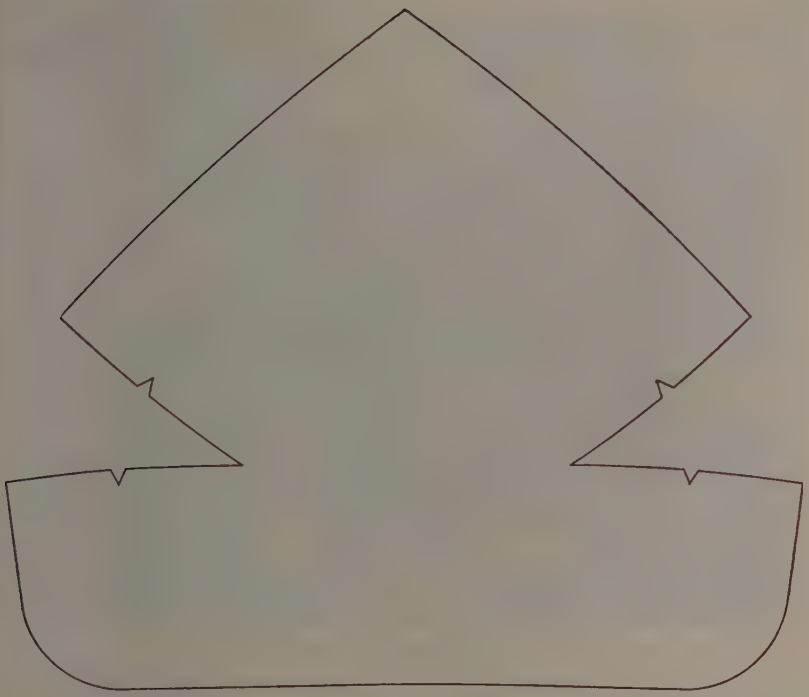
Now look at the picture, and you will see right underneath the skirt near the white basket, a red felt peasant bonnet. It is easy and fun to make, and a little face beneath it looks like a cherub. You can make your own pattern from this drawing.

The binding is a strip of one-inch white felt, and the fringe is made of six strands of very fine white wool and is pulled through with a crochet hook or a large darning needle. This bonnet is as becoming to teenagers as to the small fry. The one in the picture is made of red felt trimmed and embroidered in white, but, of course, it can be made in any combination of colors.

Who wouldn't love to receive a big, roomy picnic basket? The summer months are the ideal time to find baskets in the stores. This one has been sprayed and painted white, and is lined with red and white checked gingham. On the lid, little wooden birds have been fastened with wire. Florence has made this gift for a family present. She has outfitted it with red and white plastic plates, cups, knives and forks, bottle opener, can opener, and other gadgets needed for a picnic. What a wonderful gift for a family, and so easy to make!

The three small boxes you see on the table were once just ordinary matchboxes fit for the kitchen or furnace room only. Now they are glorified! They have been covered with a piece of tin, purchased at any sheet metal works, then covered with felt which has been glued on with rubber cement. When thoroughly dried, the covered tin was bent to fit the match box perfectly. They are adorned with pine cones, artificial holly, cherries, or with bright sequins and jewels. You can choose your own decorations to make these once ordinary matchboxes attractive enough to grace the fireplace or take their place proudly among the special Christmas decorations and gifts.

Perhaps you're wondering about the two small decorated loops which lie at one side of the lunch basket. These are felt neckties which teenagers love to wear with sweaters or blouses. In the stores they cost from one to three dollars. Florence made these from scraps left from the skirts and aprons, and they cost her about twenty-five



BONNET PATTERN

Measurements for the bonnet may be altered to suit various head sizes. The pattern measurements given here are 13½ inches from the point of the triangle to the edge of the brim; 13½ inches from point to point of the triangle; and from side to side of the brim (widest part) 15½ inches.

cents. They are a little less than an inch wide and just long enough to cross at the front of the neck. They are not to be tied. Shells, sequins, or little tinkling bells have been stitched on them. Make them in white, blue, or any color. They will delight any young girl because they are so smart and so different and are an attractive accessory for sweaters or most any outfit.

At either side of the gift table, you will see half circles of felt. These are aprons. Again, they have been cut with pinking shears, so they need no finishing. The appliqued figures are cut from contrasting colored felt, and the patterns for these cunning figures were taken from a child's coloring book. The felt cutouts may either be stitched or glued on to the apron in any design desired. The bands are of grosgrain ribbon. These felt aprons are useful and different, yet easily made.

What little one wouldn't "Oh," and "Ah," to be the recipient of a glazed chintz crayon apron? Of course, the measurements depend upon the size of the little one for whom it is made. The material should be at least twenty-one inches wide and about sixteen inches long. The felt waistband and crayon holder is two inches wide. Be

sure to leave plenty of felt to tie a perky bow at the back. Stitch the spaces that are to hold the large size crayons on the machine. The crayons must fit snuggly into the spaces so they won't slip. Of course, with each apron must go a big, big coloring book with beautiful pictures to color.

There are two small jewel boxes that are made of plastic. Do you find them in the picture near the centerpiece? The pearls which made them so luxurious are bought by the yard at the five and dime store. Each row is cut separately and applied with Amco glue. Then, right in the center, is set a large artificial gem which has been saved from the one earring that didn't get lost. These little jewel boxes are jewels in and of themselves and they will add glamor and beauty to any dressing table or chest of drawers. Florence made enough of these to use as guest gifts for a party she plans to give at Christmas time.

The big white candle is adorned with artificial fruits for decoration. It is not too soon to begin saving old candles to melt for these big Christmas candles that can be made Christmassy with fruit, pine cones, jewels, or holly.

The box in front of Mr. Snowman is filled with note paper. It, too, is covered with felt and trimmed with sequins or felt cutouts which certainly make it a more unusual gift than just an ordinary box of writing paper. Mr. Snowman is perfect for mantle, window, or table. He is made of plastic foam and rests on a collar of Christmas tinsel. His jaunty hat is a cornucopia of bright, shiny, red cardboard with a perky cherry and bow on top. The Snowman can be used in the center of a cookie plate.

And those aren't just ordinary old clothespins at the side of the table. They are painted and bejewelled in lovely colors. "What are they used for?" you ask. Why they are "hose hangers" or "letter clips" and very fancy ones, too.

Last, but not least, hangs the mailbox with its decoration of pine boughs and cones. The reason Florence put this in the picture of Christmas decorations and ideas, was only to remind you that when you go picnicking in the woods this fall, gather pine cones for Christmas use. They make beautiful decorations for inside and outside the house.

Perhaps these ideas that Florence has shared with you will start you thinking about Christmas, and perhaps you, too, will have wonderful ideas to share with others, your own ideas of originality! For sharing is the key to contentment and happiness.

There's an old Persian proverb that says, "Everyman goes down to his death bearing in his hands only that which he has given away."

Yes, it's time to think about Christmas, for "Not what we give, but what we share, for the gift without the giver is bare."

I Must Choose

Mabel Law Atkinson

I cannot mend the heart that I have broken
By thoughtless, cruel words my lips have spoken;
Retrace the path my errant feet have taken
Leaving me wounded and my spirit shaken—
Before I start, not when the trek is ended,
I must choose roadways that are broad and splendid.

TOMATO-FRANKFURTER RAREBIT
(makes 6 servings)

Courtesy National Cotton Council

8 frankfurters
6 tablespoons shortening
¼ cup flour
1 cup milk
1¾ cups (1 No. 2 can) tomatoes
¾ cup shredded cheese
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
6 frankfurter rolls
shortening for spreading

Slice frankfurters ¼ inch thick. Melt shortening in saucepan. Add flour, stirring smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring until thickened. Add tomatoes, stirring, then cheese. Stir until sauce is thickened and cheese is melted. Add salt and pepper. Fold in frankfurter slices. Heat thoroughly, then keep hot over gentle heat while toasting rolls. Split frankfurter rolls and spread with shortening. Toast under broiler until golden brown. Pour Frankfurter Rarebit over rolls and serve at once. Crisp radishes and celery and extra rolls are good with this.

Indications

Ing Smith

Fall's first warning:
Atmosphere cool—
Mist in the morning,
Leaves in the pool—
Crows on a wire,
Wild geese in flight—
(Oh, let's have a fire
And pop corn tonight!)

A Pair of Pants for Benjy

Pansye H. Powell

I went to school that last day with my mind almost made up. I hadn't yet signed my contract for the next year, and I was in the enviable position of having two jobs open to me—my present one as a teacher in the Central Junior High and a new offer from a publishing firm downtown that wanted me to become its representative, traveling with expenses paid—no more paper checking, no more disciplinary problems, no more worrying over other people's children . . . .

To me, jaded and worn by a difficult year of crowded classrooms and worrisome problems, the chance to remove myself from it all and go into a different experience seemed almost providential. But I had waited, accepting neither offer, until now the final day of school had come with its last classes and, in the afternoon, promotion exercises for the ninth graders who would be going into senior high in the fall.

I'll mail my contract back unsigned tonight, I thought, as I walked to school.

In this state of mind I entered the building and went to my room —and there was Benjy!

Benjy was an odd child, not too bright, but not the kind to cause any particular trouble in a room. He was tall and very thin; he was out of school quite a bit, too, with some ailment or other, but, when it came time to graduate the ninth graders, Benjy's name was on the list.

He was so quiet that I hadn't given much thought to him—it's always the ones who cause us trouble that we notice, of course; but today I had to notice him, for, as I looked over my room at the start of the day, I realized that Benjy had come to school on this all-important day wearing one of the same patched shirts and faded ragged levis that he had worn all year.

We had told all the boys and girls who were to graduate that they should wear their nicer clothes; there would be an audience, and each one would walk across the stage in the auditorium to receive his certificate of promotion. They were not to dress in fancy clothes, but each was to be neat and clean and make a good appearance. And there was Benjy—same levis, too tight for him now, and a checkered blue-and-white shirt.

I looked at him and thought, I'll bet if I sent him home to change, he wouldn't have anything to change into. It's not my job to see that he looks right to graduate. That's his mother's business. I'm not going to worry about him.

But I noticed the pathetic effort he had made to spruce himself up for the day. His hair had been combed at some time during the past two hours, and his face and hands looked as though he had scrubbed them. I tried to steel myself against taking pity on him.

ALL the time I was trying to argue myself out of helping

Benjy, I knew very well what was going to happen. I was going somehow or other to find Benjy some decent clothes to graduate in. I just couldn't let him go up on that stage looking like a scarecrow. On this one day of his life, at least, he must look as he deserved to look.

I set the class to finishing a last assignment in their literature books and hurried up to the principal's office. Mr. Bascom was busy at his desk, but he looked up as I entered and waited for me to tell him my errand.

"I've come about Benjy Martin, Mr. Bascom," I hastily explained; "he has come today in the same old clothes he has worn all year. I know it's no use to send him home for something different. Can we do something for him? Could we somehow get him some better-looking things?"

He didn't seem surprised that I should have come to him with such a request. Instead he said, "Hmmmmm," and pulled thoughtfully at his lower lip, the way he does when he is trying to work out a problem. "What size is he?"

"Well, he's tall for fifteen and thin as a beanpole."

Mr. Bascom was tall, too, taller than Benjy, and thin, but not so thin as he.

He came up with a suggestion, "I have a pair of pants and a shirt at home that I was going to give away. I'll bet they'd just about fit him. You go on back to your class, and I'll dash up home and get them and be right back."

With real relief, I welcomed this shifting of the responsibility for Benjy's sartorial effect to reliable shoulders and hurried back to my room. Satisfied that all was being taken care of, I plunged into a brisk discussion of the story the class had been reading in my absence. Half an hour later I looked up to see Mr. Bascom standing outside my door. I went to meet him.

He looked at me with a crestfallen air. I could see that he was holding in his hand one freshly ironed very white shirt—and that was all.

"My wife gave the trousers and shirt to the Deseret Industries this morning," he explained. "I brought this good shirt, thinking maybe he could wear it, and that would help out some on his appearance."

"I'll get Benjy," I said, "and you try the shirt on him."

A FEW minutes later Benjy returned to the room, face beaming proudly above a very white shirt; but, below the belt, his old levis looked all the dingier in contrast to the immaculateness of his upper half.

Mr. Bascom looked at me anxiously. "What can we do about those pants?" he muttered, so no one of the interested observers of our rather unusual behavior could hear.

"Maybe we could borrow a pair of pants from one of the other students who won't be graduating," I ventured. "Couldn't we have one of the other teachers inquire in his classes for a student who would be willing to lend a pair of pants just for the graduation exercises?"

"Sounds likely," he smiled again. "I'll have John Dimmick ask in his mathematics classes of eighth grad-

ers. No one need know who's going to wear the pants."

That was the way it stood when the bell rang for the first period to be over. I watched Benjy walk out of my class and saw how proud he was of the white shirt he was wearing. He gave me a shy grin as he went past. That, I remembered, was the first time he had ever seemed to note my existence as a person.

The morning wore on. The exercises were to be at two o'clock in the afternoon. At twelve o'clock, between classes, John Dimmick came to report to me that he hadn't had any luck in finding a suitable pair of pants for Benjy. He had asked in two classes. "I wouldn't worry any more about it," he comforted; "you've done your best."

But I wouldn't give up. Suddenly I thought of something. *Gym class!* Boys' gym class! That was our last hope! There would be a class at one o'clock. Surely in a big bunch of boys—even if they were seventh graders—there would be someone who would let Benjy wear his pants for an hour.

I asked John to watch my class for a few minutes, since he didn't have a class at this hour, and dashed over to the boys' gym. Mr. Hales was, of course, surprised to see me coming in, all out of breath. The boys were lined up in their street clothes for roll call, the last one of the year. I glanced hastily down the rows—some of the boys looked as tall as Benjy and certainly several were as skinny.

I told Mr. Hales my errand and he turned to the boys:

"Attention, fellows! Miss Carter has something to say to you."

THEY were quiet, looking at me.

I hoped I'd be able to find at least one pair of possible pants for Benjy. Desperation made me eloquent, I guess, for they listened without a snicker. But they did not offer to lend anything. I stood waiting, and the silence became embarrassing. Finally, a voice spoke up from the rear row.

"Would mine do?"

It was Henry Bishop who spoke. Henry was the tallest boy and the skinniest one in the room and was shunned by the other boys because he was considered a sissy.

"Suppose we give you boys a chance to see," Mr. Hales suggested.

Benjy was sent for, and he and Henry and Mr. Hales retired to the boys' dressing rooms. There the exchange was made. Henry's clean, dark slacks gave Benjy a dressed-up air that fitted with the dignity of the part he was to take during the afternoon. On the other hand, Benjy's shabby levis were a very tight fit for Henry, who retreated to the janitor's room and spent the next three hours in solitary communion with a magazine most of the time, while Benjy was happily receiving his promotion from junior high.

Later, the janitor, who shared Henry's seclusion at various times during the three hours, repeated Henry's comment on the occasion: "Well," he said, grinning broadly, "if I don't make it out of here, I can always say that my pants graduated, whether I do or not."

Meanwhile, up in the auditorium the graduation exercises were proceeding. When the time came for the graduates to march across the

auditorium stage in single file to receive their diplomas, I watched anxiously for Benjy. Then I saw him standing at the side of the stage, waiting until the girl just ahead of him had taken the prescribed four steps before he should start. He straightened his collar, hitched up his pants at the belt, and he stepped out proudly.

It was then I made up my mind to stay with schoolteaching. Never again would I say that schoolteachers work without adequate compensation when they do extra things to help their students, for when I saw Benjy Martin step across that stage with his head high and his white shirt gleaming, I was paid, you bet I was paid!

Artist at Seventy-Five

MAE OLMSTEAD CROWLEY, ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA, FINDS ARTISTIC EXPRESSION IN OIL PAINTING, CHINA PAINTING, CERAMICS, AND NEEDLEWORK

MRS. Crowley, wife of a lawyer and mother of nine children, grandmother of thirty-six, and great-grandmother of sixteen, painted a picture of the Salt Lake Temple on her fiftieth wedding anniversary three years ago. She has painted many other subjects, including mountain vistas in summer and some striking winter landscapes.

In addition to her principal hobby of oil painting, Mrs. Crowley has painted five hundred pieces of china, has completed 367 pieces of porcelain and ceramics, and has knitted, crocheted, and embroidered hundreds of articles. She has also made many wedding dresses and other articles requiring the deft touch of an expert seamstress. Mrs. Crowley also has musical talent and raises flowers.

Active in Relief Society and other Church activities, Mrs. Crowley is a member of the Ontario Ward in Mt. Rubidoux Stake.

Have an Apple Party

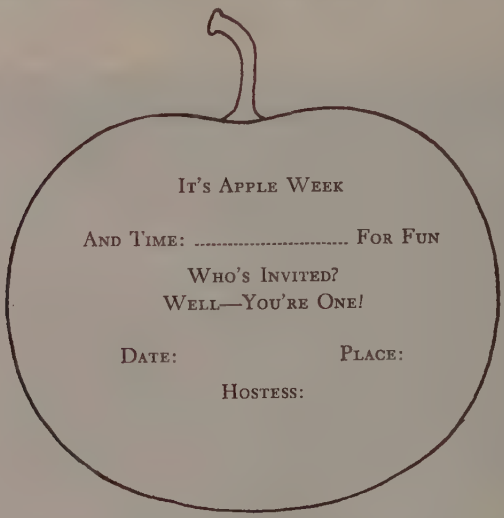
Ida M. Pardue

IF you like to give parties that are different — October offers a fine opportunity. October 23d to November 1st is Apple Week—so why not have an Apple Party?

Cut invitations in the form of an apple, play apple games, and wind up a pleasant time with apple pie and cool cider served buffet style.

Use yellow, light green, or red construction paper for the invitations.

This information goes across the front of each one:



Lots of apples—real and paper cutouts, make effective decorations. Tie a real apple underneath a light fixture—or to a floor lamp chain. Edge a mantle with a row of apples. Substitute paper apples for curtain pulls. A chain of paper apples can stretch across a wall. One or two bowls of apples can be placed on an end table or radio. Just one thing, be sure you know exactly how many apples—paper and otherwise, are in view. This is necessary, for the first game, a mixer, is called *Harvest*. Players are to count the exact number of apples in the room. The player calling out the correct number first wins an apple corer.

For an *Apple Roll* game, trace three times around a saucer, with a dark crayon, on a single square of newspaper. The circles may be anywhere you choose. Number them 1, 5, and 10 respectively. To play, place the paper on the floor. Players take turns rolling an apple onto the paper from behind a yardstick whose end is three inches from the edge of the paper. Each player rolls three times, scoring the number written in any circle in which the apple comes to rest. The player scoring the most points wins the game.

You won't need any knives for *Apple Pairing*—only pencils and copies of the following lists. The purpose is to unite the letters in the first column with the proper ones in the second column to form a name of a variety of apple.

		Answers:
1. pip	stein	1. pippin
2. bald	ton	2. baldwin
3. fame	sap	3. fameuse
4. graven	win	4. gravenstein
5. new	pin	5. newton
6. pleas	flower	6. pleasant
7. wine	thy	7. winesap
8. stay	ant	8. stayman
9. weal	man	9. wealthy
10. bell	use	10. bellflower

The player re-pairing all of the apples first, wins the game.

Half an Apple

For each person, make a paper apple and write a guest's name on each one. Put the apples in a paper sack on a table. Provide two pairs of scissors.

Make up two teams and line them up six feet away from the table. At the word go, a player from each team races to find the apple bearing his or her own name, and then cuts it in half with the scissors. Only one apple at a time may be removed from the bag. If it isn't the right one, it goes back and the player tries again. Halved apples also go back into the bag. When a player finds and cuts his apple, he races back to touch the next player for his turn. The team to finish first, wins.

Apple Tag

Mark off a playing area. This might be the rug on the floor, or a wide circle of chairs. Players stay inside this zone.

Give one player an apple. While music is played, the player with the apple tries to get rid of it. Any person tagged with the apple must take it immediately. When the music stops suddenly, the player holding the apple drops out of the game. The apple is handed to anyone to get started again. The player staying in the game the longest, wins.

Apple Tearing

Give everyone a large piece of blank paper. The idea is to tear the paper into an apple. The finished fruits are initialed and passed around for judging. After deciding on the best or funniest, the apples can be autographed to serve as party souvenirs.

There is no easier way to serve refreshments than buffet style. Cover the table with a runner of light green crepe paper. For a centerpiece, what could be prettier than a bowl of polished apples? Apple pie slices and cider are then served buffet style.

Night

Sylvia Probst Young

Night comes unnoticed on a city street
With lights aglow before the dusk comes down,
But on a quiet road where crickets sing
Beneath the star-lamps—in a little town
Night comes on silver feet across the sky
To hear a mother croon a lullaby.

The Young and the Old

Carolyn C. Lewis

IT was one of those spring mornings that seem to have been all scrubbed and shined by some special servant during the night and set before the world with the words, "Here is a perfect day without a flaw."

That's what it seemed to me—a perfect day—warm, bright, beautiful. And I was young and thrilled with being alive. Only yesterday my mother—a sentimentalist, if you've ever met one—had said to me, "I wish I were your age again."

Half-seriously I had answered, "I am glad I'm not your age."

She had merely said, "Well," and smiled, but her eyes hadn't looked at me exactly. They had had worried shadows in them for the last few weeks because Grandpa was in the hospital quite ill. Of course, I kept telling her, he was old. She couldn't expect him to live forever, but she only told me I didn't understand and that that didn't make any difference in how she felt about him.

Today, Saturday, Grandma and my aunt had come to dinner and then they were going to the hospital. June, my cousin, who is just about my age, was there, too, and she was all excited because she had a date that afternoon and I was to go along with her date's friend, Jack. I had met him and he seemed nice, but nothing to get excited about.

When June and I had finished the dishes and she was flushed from hurrying and excitement, she said, "I can hardly wait. It's *the* day for a convertible."

"And not too many days around here are," I replied, adding, "but I wish Grandpa was better. I haven't even been down to see him yet."

Just then mother came in, "And he's been asking for you. I thought you might drop in today for a little while—both of you."

"But, Aunt Kate," June protested, "we've got a date; we can see him next week."

"He's quite sick . . ." Mother said, her words hanging in the air like the limp dish towel hanging upon the rack. Then she added, "Well, we'll get ready. If you can stop in, do."

"We will," I said.

But the convertible was there before we knew it, and we got in, waving goodbye to the folks, who all looked pretty solemn.

Like thousands of others, we headed our car for one of the canyons where leaves were green and the air cool across the mountains rising above our heads.

Jack was a lot more fun than I remembered him. And a lot better looking, especially when he smiled, which he did most of the time, except once when he said to me, "You seem to have something on your mind?"

"Well . . ." I hesitated, "my grandfather is quite sick—in the hospital. Mother wanted me to go see him."

"Maybe you'd rather do that," he said.

I couldn't be sure how he meant it, but I assured him that, of course, I wouldn't.

STILL, after awhile, the subject came up again. It was almost as though he were teasing me to see if I'd rather stay with him or go back to town. His eyes looked at me rather strangely, and somehow I knew that I could like him very, very much.

We stopped in a small restaurant on the way to the canyon to have a sandwich and a malt. While we were eating, Jack put nickels in the juke box and played the latest hit tunes.

"How about dancing with me?" Jack questioned.

"Sounds like fun," was my reply.

While dancing with him, I realized that not only could I like him very much, but I already did. And, somehow, I got the feeling that he liked me a little bit, too. Maybe it was the way he was holding me while dancing, or maybe it was my imagination.

When we reached a park we walked around for awhile. Then we spied some empty swings and, I guess still being little girls and boys at heart, we decided to swing for awhile. . . . I was going up in the air with the wind taking my breath, when I saw an old man walking near the stream. His shoulders were a little stooped, like Grandpa's, and he held his hands in his pockets just the same way, with only the thumbs showing.

My breath caught in my throat again—only this time with a difference. I thought of his waiting for us to come—hoping. I slowed the swing down, dragging my foot, not even caring if I scuffed my new sandals.

"I've got to go back," I said in one short breath.

"Why?" June asked.

"I want to see Grandpa—today."

"So do I—but not this minute."

I knew she hadn't been as close to him as I had. We'd lived with him when I was born and for several years after.

Jack said, "If she wants to go, let's take her. It won't be any fun for her here, even if she stays."

Nor for him, I thought. Still, it didn't matter at the moment that I had to spoil something that might have been so nice . . . .

HE helped me into the car, and we were soon hurrying back to town, down the hill to the big hospital, which made my heart beat faster just to look at it.

We found the floor, the room. Mother saw us and came out so that we could go in.

Grandpa was lying with his eyes closed; and, oh, he looked so old and so tired, the veins showing in his face and in his hands folded across the white sheet. I stared at him, almost in unbelief. He seemed to know we were staring at him, for after a moment he opened his eyes. When he saw me, he smiled and lifted his hand. I took it and held it in mine.

June came over and asked, "How are you, Grandpa?"

He smiled at her, too, then closed his eyes without speaking.

In just that moment that I stood there, so many memories went through my mind of all the happy times we had had together—how he had peeled an apple and shared it

with me every winter night; how he had held me on his lap and had given me my first love and knowledge of books; how he had found me, that day when I was lost, and carried me home against his shoulder that had been so big and strong then.

I bent and kissed his forehead. Then a nurse came and told us there were too many in the room. June and I went out.

The boys were waiting for us downstairs. Jack came over to me.

"I'm proud of you for coming. I was afraid you wouldn't."

"You were really?" I asked in unbelief. So he was testing me, and I thought that he didn't want me to come!

He nodded, and we were about to go over to the car when we saw Mother and June's mother coming out of the hospital. There were tears coming down their cheeks, and without having to be told, both June and I realized we had come to see Grandpa not any too soon.

I went over to Mother and put my arm around her and tried to imagine what it would be like to lose her or Daddy—tried to imagine life without Grandpa and his peppermints and his kindness—his wonderful kindness.

Mother and my aunt went back upstairs. June was crying, but it seemed that no tears would come to me—just an empty all-gone feeling in the pit of my stomach which made my knees feel very weak.

I felt Jack near me.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

In spite of the pain in me, I felt happy at seeing him look at me like that, having him so near.

For the first time, I suppose, I understood a little of what life is. The old, the tired, the dying, and the young going on—loving, living, making the pattern all over again.

Last Call to Vacation

Maryhale Woolsey

Having stayed close to duty all year long—
Closing my ears to spring's enticing call,
To summer's gentle whispers, to the song
Of woodland birds and mountain waterfall . . .

Now I respond to lures that tax believing—
This earth all raimented in cloth of gold,
With jewels threaded in, which time was weaving
While I was blind to how the year grew old.

I would be truant now, I would discover
Where blue-domed noons permit a tardy sunning
And gleaning of the bright playtime too near over,
Before I knew how fast the days were running.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 276, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Ida H. West

TIMPANOGOS STAKE (UTAH), GROVE WARD VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT SOCIAL, May 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Emily Evans, who has served as a visiting teacher for forty years, and has also been a counselor and a secretary-treasurer in Relief Society, and a member of the quilting committee for many years; Alvira Olpin (mother of President A. Ray Olpin of the University of Utah) eighty years old, who has served twenty years as a visiting teacher and seventeen years as theology class leader; Minnie Oscarson, eighty years old, who has served as a visiting teacher for forty-five years and has also held many other positions in Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Sarah Anderson, a visiting teacher for twenty-nine years; Emily Ray, a visiting teacher for twenty-five years, who has helped on most of the quilts completed in Relief Society during that time; Susie Church, a visiting teacher for twenty years, and a member of the quilting committee for many years; Caroline Adams, a visiting teacher for thirty years, and a quilter for many years.

Florence O. Gillman is president of Timpanogos Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Sylvia Johnson

NEVADA STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION

Left to right: Mae Probert; Mona Ellis; Susan Mulliner; Julia Smith; Luella Whipple; Sabra Peacock; Louisa Johnson.

These sisters were especially honored for having served many years as visiting teachers. Five wards are represented. Each sister was presented with a lovely corsage, and each spoke a few minutes on the program, relating her experiences and her blessings as a visiting teacher. These teachers represent one hundred forty years of service.

Sylvia Johnson is president of Nevada Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Justine J. Lytle

UVADA STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS CALIENTE WARD (NEVADA) VISITING TEACHERS AT CONVENTION AND ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL
March 18, 1954

Left to right: Bell Price, visiting teacher of Panaca Ward; Hertha Kroencke, visiting teacher of Pioche Ward; Marian Fernley, President, Caliente Ward Relief Society; Vera Calvert, First Counselor; Myrtle Peterson; Hulda Webster; Nora Wadsworth.

Justine Lytle, Secretary-Treasurer of Uvada Stake Relief Society, reports: "The picture was taken at our visiting teachers convention, held in connection with our birthday social . . . . There were corsages for all the visiting teachers, and gifts were presented to the honored sisters. Sister Phylis Lee of Panaca Ward made the beautiful birthday cake . . . . Sister Kroencke has served for forty-seven years as a visiting teacher, and Sister Bell Price has served for forty-five years. Illness prevented Sister Lillian Fackrell of Enterprise Ward from attending the social. Her recent death is a great loss to all who knew her. She served for forty-five years as a visiting teacher. The Caliente Ward visiting teachers were especially honored for having a one-hundred per cent attendance at visiting teachers meetings for the year 1952-53."

Martha H. Bleak is president of Uvada Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Zina P. Dunford

EAST PROVO STAKE (UTAH), NORTH CAMPUS BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS DINNER DANCE, March 12, 1954

Front row, left to right: Cherrill Curtis; Collette Green; Lois Lockhead, Secretary-Treasurer; Deslyn Edling; Helen Erickson.

Back row, left to right: Claudia Sedgwick; Karen Sedgwick, Second Counselor; Dixie Robison, First Counselor; Anne Boucher, President.

Zina P. Dunford, President, East Provo Stake Relief Society, reports that this branch is composed entirely of college girls. The dance was semi-formal, and 208 couples were served a delicious ham dinner. The decorations were based upon an oriental theme, with cherry blossoms as a motif.

Photograph submitted by Adriana Zappey

EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, KENTUCKY WEST DISTRICT, MADISONVILLE RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: Minnie Gunn; Betty Emery; Lettie Brashears; Emma Crouse; Magdalene Wiles; Nora B. Ray; Dorothy Wiles; May Rickard, President; Edna Bell Cummings; Annie Wiles; Bonnie Wiles; Lillie Pearl Young; Cleda Ray, First Counselor; Corene Rickard, Second Counselor; Tillie Daniels.

Adriana Zappey, President, East Central States Mission Relief Society, reports that this Relief Society was organized November 20, 1952. "Since that time they have made forty-seven quilts . . . . Elder and Sister Guy Chamberlain, missionaries, have done much to make this branch and Relief Society a success."

Photograph submitted by Mona H. Kirkham

COLUMBIA RIVER STAKE (OREGON) WORK MEETING
May 19, 1954

Seated, in front: Della Davis (left) stake *Magazine* representative.

Standing, left, at back: Marion Wood, Work Director Counselor; Mona H. Kirkham, President; Leah Weber, Education Counselor.

Concerning this happy occasion, President Kirkham reports: "Two hundred twenty-five women gleaned homemaking and handicraft skills at the very successful Columbia River Stake Relief Society work meeting . . . . Each ward and branch in the stake sponsored an exhibit of handwork completed by the sisters, and demonstrated a valuable and popular skill or handicraft. Included were rugmaking, ceramics, place mats, oil painting, invisible mending, Swedish embroidery, paper mache figures and plaques, jewelry, quilted pictures, cake decorating, hairpin lace, novelty corsages, stoles, and lamp shades. The enthusiastic crowd was divided into ten groups, and each group viewed an initial demonstration. At ten-minute intervals, a whistle invited the groups to rotate around the hall, thus giving everyone an opportunity to view the various demonstrations at close range. At 12:30 a lovely buffet luncheon was served. Each ward was responsible for a portion of the lunch, with the education counselors of the wards heading the committees. The climax of the day came immediately following the luncheon when "Family Money Management" was discussed . . . and the sisters received information and advice on this timely subject . . . . Marion H. Wood was in charge of this event, assisted by Joan Staley, stake work meeting leader, President Mona H. Kirkham, and Counselor Leah Weber."

Photograph submitted by Betsy MacNey

EAST LONG BEACH STAKE (CALIFORNIA) NEW RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

Front row, left to right: Nina Riley, First Counselor; Betsy MacNey, President; Almira Woodland, Second Counselor.

Second row, left to right: Pearly Hyer, visiting teacher message leader; Minnie Prescott, social science class leader; Fern Francom, literature class leader; Clara R. Snow, Secretary-Treasurer; Margaret Bryan, *Magazine* representative; Mabel Perkins, work meeting leader.

Back row, left to right: Marjorie Hetrick, organist; LaPrele Mertz, chorister; Afton Davis, theology class leader.

Photograph submitted by Verna L. Dewsnup

ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH), WASHINGTON WARD "SEW IT WITH COTTON BAGS" EXHIBIT, September 3-5, 1953

Left to right· Myrtle Adams, President, Washington Ward Relief Society; Rose Waters, First Counselor; Grace Cooper, work director Counselor.

Verna L. Dewsnup, President, St. George Stake Relief Society, reports the large number of articles displayed at this exhibit: "There were 135 articles made from cotton bags, including wearing apparel, hats, and household articles. Every woman in the ward participated. The exhibit took first prize at the Washington County Fair, and second prize at the Utah State Fair, at which these sisters won a portable Singer sewing machine as their award."

Farewell to the Autumn Leaves

Lettie B. H. Rich

All day the autumn leaves drop down
By silent breezes stirred;
A hush as if someone passing—
Scarcely a sound is heard.
Then twilight stars shine bright;
The moon is lost behind the cloud.
The earth grows dark as if in mourning
Wrapped in a somber shroud.
The raindrops softly kiss the leaves,
The wind sighs a tender last farewell
As the dead leaves fall on the walk.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 28—Further Teachings of Alma and Amulek

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Alma, chapters 29-35)

For Tuesday, January 4, 1955

Objective: To show the great influence of prayer and repentance in changing the lives of people.

Alma Rejoices

ALMA rejoiced over the success of his brethren and the fact that the sons of Mosiah and their companions had been able to touch the hearts of the Lamanites and bring many of them into the Church. Filled with love, he exclaimed:

> O that I were an angel, and could have the wish of mine heart, that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth, and cry repentance unto every people! (Alma 29:1).

When he saw repentant souls coming into the Church, his whole being was filled with joy and with a desire to continue in the service of the Master. The entire twenty-ninth chapter beautifully expresses Alma's feelings, and might be read aloud in the class.

Rise of Korihor the Anti-Christ

During his period of rejoicing, Alma was confronted with a difficult problem. In the seventeenth year of the reign of the judges, Korihor, an Anti-Christ, came into Zarahemla and began to deny what the prophets had said concerning the coming of Christ.

The laws of the land were such that a man was entitled to freedom of speech and freedom of belief. For the scripture said, ". . . Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve" (Alma 30:8). If they did not believe in Christ, there was no law to punish them.

Korihor taught the people that no man knows anything concerning the future. Prophecies, he said, were only the foolish traditions of the fathers. He also said there would be no atonement made for the sins of mankind, and implied that none was necessary, for he taught that:

> . . . every man fared in this life according to the management of the creature; therefore every man prospered according to his genius, and that every man conquered according to his strength; and whatsoever a man did was no crime (Alma 30:17).

Obviously, such doctrines were pernicious and led away the hearts of many. He won converts, and many men and women began to commit whoredoms.

Korihor went to the land of Jershon and preached to the people; ". . . they were more wise than many of the Nephites . . ." (Alma 30:20) for they bound him and carried him before their high priest, Ammon. Ammon had him carried out of the land of Jershon.

Korihor then went to the land of Gideon, where he was bound and delivered to the high priest and to the chief judge over that land. The high priest, Giddonah, reproved him, and asked why he taught that the Christ should not come.

Korihor told Giddonah that such teachings were designed to establish power and authority over the people and to keep them in ignorance. He further denied that Christ should come. When Giddonah and the chief judge saw his hard heart and his bravado in reviling against God, they refused to talk to him. They authorized the officers to bind him and take him to Zarahemla to Alma and to the chief judge who was governor over all the land.

When Korihor appeared before Alma, he reviled the priests and teachers for leading the people astray, and complained that they profited from the labors of the people.

Alma denied that the priests and teachers lived upon the labors of the people and said, ". . . I have never received so much as even one senine for my labor . . ." (Alma 30:33).

To Alma's question, ". . . Believest thou that there is a God?" Korihor answered, "Nay" (Alma 30: 37-38).

Alma then bore his personal testimony that God lives and that Jesus Christ should come and redeem mankind. He referred to the scriptures as containing evidence and bearing witness that there is a God, then he referred to the evidence of design in nature. He declared:

> . . . even the earth, and all things that are upon the face of it, yea, and its motion, yea, and also all the planets which move in their regular form do witness that there is a Supreme Creator (Alma 30:44).

Korihor Becomes Dumb

After listening to the argument from Alma, Korihor still denied the existence of God and said he would not believe without a sign. Alma said:

> . . . it is better that thy soul should be lost than that thou shouldst be the means of bringing many souls down to destruction, by thy lying and by thy flattering words (Alma 30:47).

Alma warned him that if he should deny God again, God would smite him dumb. Korihor persisted

in his denial and Alma said, ". . . in the name of God, ye shall be struck dumb . . .." (Alma 30:49), and from that moment Korihor could not speak.

Seeing what had happened, the chief judge wrote to Korihor, ". . . Art thou convinced of the power of God? . . ." (Alma 30:51) Korihor wrote in answer:

> . . . I know that I am dumb, for I cannot speak; and I know that nothing save it were the power of God could bring this upon me; yea, and I also knew that there was a God (Alma 30:52).

Korihor besought Alma to pray to God that the curse might be taken from him, but Alma said if the curse were taken from him he would again lead away the hearts of the people. So Korihor ". . . was cast out, and went about from house to house begging for his food" (Alma 31:56). He went about among a group who had separated themselves from the Nephites known as the Zoramites. While going forth among them ". . . he was run upon and trodden down, even until he was dead" (Alma 30:59).

Alma Among the Zoramites

Having settled this trouble with Korihor, and learning that the Zoramites were perverting the ways of the Lord and bowing down to dumb idols, Alma's heart ". . . again began to sicken because of the iniquity of the people" (Alma 31:1). He took a group of missionaries with him to go to the land of Antionum and seek to reclaim these apostate Zoramites. He took with him three of the four sons of Mosiah, Ammon, Aaron, and Omner; Amulek and Zeezrom, and two of his sons, Shiblon and Corianton. Alma feared that the Zoramites would enter into correspondence with the Lamanites, and he had found that preaching the word was more potent in getting people to do right than the sword or anything else.

Alma discovered a peculiar form of worship among these dissenting Nephites. In the center of their synagogue they had built a high stand, which they called a *Rameumptom*, or "holy stand." One by one the people who desired to worship ascended this stand, stretched forth their hands towards heaven, and cried with a loud voice a common prayer. This prayer explicitly declared their belief that God had elected them to be his holy children, and that he had made it known to them that there should be no Christ.

Alma grieved because of this wicked and perverse people who idolized wealth and pride, and he prayed fervently that the missionaries might be endowed with power and wisdom enough to bring them to repentance:

> Now it came to pass that when Alma had said these words, that he clapped his hands upon all them who were with him. And behold, as he clapped his hands upon them, they were filled with the Holy Spirit (Alma 31:36).

Then the missionaries separated themselves and went forth to preach the word of God unto the people again.

The missionaries entered into their synagogues and houses, they even preached the word in their streets, and the poor hearkened to the words of Alma. They said that the Zoramite priests had cast them out of their synagogues and implied

that they had no place to worship. Alma, realizing that their affliction had humbled them, began teaching them the wonderful discourse on faith. (See Alma, chapter 32.)

Alma's Discourse on Faith

Alma defined faith as:

> . . . faith is not to have a perfect knowledge of things; therefore if ye have faith ye hope for things which are not seen, which are true (Alma 32:21).

He asked them to apply faith to the words which he gave them. He suggested that perhaps they could do no more at present than to desire to believe his words. He then compared the idea of developing faith in his words to a seed which is planted. He advised them that if the seed sown in their hearts germinated, enlarged the soul, and enlightened the understanding, then they would recognize it as good and desirable. He then asked the people to plant the word, that Christ should come and redeem the world, in their hearts, and when it would begin to germinate and to grow, to nourish it by their faith. Under such conditions, he told them, ". . . it will become a tree, springing up in you unto everlasting life . . ." (Alma 33:23). Alma also cited the words of Zenos, Zenoch, and Moses to prove that the people did not need to be in a synagogue to worship God and that prophets of old had foretold the mission of Christ.

Amulek Explains the Atonement

After Alma had taught them how to develop faith in the future appearance of Christ and in his atonement for the sins of mankind, Amulek arose and said that their great problem seemed to be "whether the word be in the Son of God, or whether there shall be no Christ" (Alma 34:5). He called to their attention that Alma had referred to Zenos, Zenoch, and Moses in the scriptures as teaching the atonement of Christ. Amulek then said, ". . . I will testify unto you of myself that these things are true . . ." (Alma 34:8). He taught that:

> . . . it is expedient that there should be a great and last sacrifice; yea, not a sacrifice of man, neither of beast, neither of any manner of fowl; for it shall not be a human sacrifice; but it must be an infinite and eternal sacrifice (Alma 34:10).

This infinite and eternal sacrifice would fulfill the law of Moses, and its ordinances would no longer be required. (See Alma 34:13.) Only those who repented and believed in the Son of God would receive a remission of sins. The intent of this last sacrifice was ". . . to bring about the bowels of mercy, which overpowereth justice, and bringeth about means unto men that they may have faith unto repentance" (Alma 34:15).

Amulek Cries Repentance

Recognizing this truth, Amulek asked the people to repent and to pray for things at all times—things regarded by man as both spiritual and temporal (Alma 34:18-27), always remembering that prayers were vain except the individual gave of his substance to the needy and the naked and visited the sick and the afflicted. Amulek exhorted the people to repent immediately, for, he said:

> . . . now is the time and the day of your salvation . . . the day of this life is the day for men to perform their labors . . . therefore, I beseech of you that ye

do not procrastinate the day of your repentance until the end; for after this day of life, which is given us to prepare for eternity, behold, if we do not improve our time while in this life, then cometh the night of darkness wherein there can be no labor performed. Ye cannot say, when ye are brought to that awful crisis, that I will repent, that I will return to my God. Nay, ye cannot say this; for that same spirit which doth possess your bodies at the time that ye go out of this life, that same spirit will have power to possess your body in that eternal world (Alma 34:31-34).

Amulek admonished and pled with the people, before he left them, to work out their salvation with fear before God, to deny no more the coming of Christ, to contend no more against the Holy Ghost, to be humble, and to pray continually.

After finishing his address, Amulek returned to the land of Jershon where he met with the other missionaries. The Zoramites cast out of the land all those who had accepted the truth. These people also went to the land of Jershon, where the people of Ammon lived, and Alma and his brethren ministered unto them.

Alma and his brothers soon returned to Zarahemla, for they had completed their missionary activities among the Zoramites. The Zoramites began to mix with the Lamanites and to stir them up to war against the people of Ammon and the Nephites. The people of Ammon left Jershon and came to the land of Melek so that the Nephite armies could move in; and war began in the eighteenth year of the judges.

The heart of Alma became exceedingly sorrowful because of the hardness of heart which was coming over many of the Nephites who began to be offended because of the strictness of the word he had preached among all the people in every city. Therefore, Alma caused his sons to come together so ". . . that he might give unto them every one his charge, separately, concerning the things pertaining unto righteousness . . ." (Alma 35:16).

Questions on the Lesson

1. Compare the growth of faith to planting a seed.
2. What did Amulek say about prayer? (Alma 34:18-27)
3. Why must we prepare in this life to meet God?

Bounty

Dorothy O. Rea

Autumn brings the fruit of vine and orchard;
Eden's flavors are ripe upon the land.
Apples, sweet as childhood dreams remembered,
Hang at tiptoe reach above my hand.
Clustered grapes wrapped in purple goodness,
Gathered summer nectar while they grew.
The crystal pears distilled deep within them
Sugared drops of early morning dew.
Golden peaches now turn flanneled cheeks
To autumn sun, warm upon the bough.
The bending tree, weary of her burden,
Sings to us who listen—harvest now.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 28—". . . For That Same Spirit Which Doth Possess Your Bodies at the Time That Ye Go Out of This Life, That Same Spirit Will Have Power to Possess Your Body in That Eternal World" (Alma 34:34).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 4, 1955

Objective: To point out that whatever spirit possesses our bodies in this life will be with us after death.

AFTER ALMA had urged the people to plant the word of God in their hearts, so that they would believe in Christ, Amulek, his companion, expressed deep concern for the welfare of others as is shown by the fervor with which he pleaded with his brethren to rid themselves of sin while they were yet in mortality.

We often hear people say, "Oh, when I get on the other side I will find out what is really true, and then I will do something about it." Somehow they surmise that they will see things differently after death, be able more readily to discern the truth, and have a better opportunity to prove and weigh matters. Then, when they are convinced, they believe they can easily and quickly remedy their habits to conform to the right pattern.

Nothing could be farther from the truth! Amulek tells us that after death we will possess the same spirit, which would infer that we will have the same attitudes and outlook as we had here in mortality.

> Men won't know any more when they are dead than when they are living. . . . They will not understand the truths of the Gospel only by the same process as they understand and comprehend them here (Melvin J. Ballard: *Three Degrees of Glory*, page 25).

If we have been skeptical or indifferent here, those qualities will still be with us in that eternal world. We will retain the same habits and dispositions which comprised our natures here. We shall not miraculously shed any traits of character, any faults or weaknesses by virtue of passing through the portals of death.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard gives us his opinion on this subject in the *Three Degrees of Glory*:

> Do not let any of us imagine that we can go down to the grave not having overcome the corruptions of the flesh and then lose in the grave all our sins and evil tendencies. . . . It is much easier to overcome and serve the Lord when both flesh and spirit are combined as one . . . (pp. 14, 25).

This urgent appeal to improve our lives while the opportunity is available and most productive should stir us to action.

Work Meeting—Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 4—Irons and Ironers

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, January 11, 1955

IRONING has frequently been classed as the most tiring of all homemaking tasks. It is, therefore, of utmost importance that ironing equipment be selected that will reduce fatigue.

An iron should be comfortable to use whether it is for short time pressing or for the whole week's ironing. Medium weight irons seem to do better work with less effort than do either the feather weight or very heavy ones. Your choice will depend some upon whether you will have just a general purpose iron, or both a regular and a steam iron. Many growing children have never learned to like to iron because selection of ironing equipment suitable to their needs was never considered.

Regular irons require little special care other than protecting them from falling, being scratched, or otherwise marred. The cord must be kept away from the hot iron and should never be wrapped tightly about it. This wears it out and the wires inside the cord are shorted, often causing a fire or serious accident. Steam irons do require certain care for long life and top performance. Distilled water is recommended for use in them. If regular water must be used, occasionally fill the iron with distilled vinegar, let it steam for about fifteen minutes, then let it remain in the iron over night. Drain and rinse thoroughly with tap water. Dry before storing it. Ordinarily, steam irons are emptied after each use, preferably while the iron is still hot, so that the iron heat will evaporate the few drops of moisture that may be left. Overheating shortens the life of all irons.

Every piece of electrical equipment should carry an underwriter's laboratory's seal of safety. The manner in which different temperatures are indicated and the way they are regulated may help to make an iron a safe or unsafe piece of equipment to use. Lack of sufficient safety features has disqualified more irons from the acceptable list than any other single feature.

An ironer can be a real time and labor saver. Some women are afraid they could not use an ironer safely and efficiently, while others have never developed skill in using their ironers. Learning new skills and abandonment of old habits require time, patience, and perseverance. Begin by ironing only flat pieces until you understand the mechanics of your machine, then do the more intricate pieces a few at a time. Soon you will find that you can do almost your entire ironing on your ironer without becom-

ing fatigued, and in only a fraction of the time it previously required.

Ironers are of two general types, rotary and flat plate. All ironers have thermostats to regulate the temperature to suit the fabric on which you are working. Some have two thermostats, so you need heat only half the ironer when doing small things. Before buying an ironer, sit down to it, see if you can operate the various controls, and reach all the parts without undue strain.

Special features, such as small folding end shelves, clothes bars, special work lights, and certain automatic features, add materially to the cost of an ironer, yet are of no great significance to the user.

Select the kind of equipment that will permit and encourage all family members to use and enjoy it, that will safeguard the health, and that will aid in the development of good work habits among the family members.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What are the contributing factors in making ironing enjoyable?
2. Discuss the importance of teaching your daughters good ironing techniques, such as: sorting clothes before ironing, placing articles requiring about the same amount of heat together; doing flimsy, quickly dried things first; sitting on a comfortable chair with feet flat on the floor, and back supported; keeping damp sponge near; hangers; clothes rack, etc.
3. What suggestions can you make to increase the efficiency of your ironing?

Literature—Literature of England

Lesson 44—Emily Bronte (1818-1848)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 716-720)

For Tuesday, January 18, 1955

Objective: To gain an insight into the inner life of Emily Bronte and to appreciate her suffering, courage, and power.

> God will not make himself manifest to cowards.
> —Ralph Waldo Emerson

> No coward soul is mine,
> No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
> I see Heaven's glories shine,
> And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.
> —Emily Bronte (text, page 720)

The Book of Psalms asks of God, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" With profit we might well address to ourselves—to each other — the same piercing query. Who will meet the question just after having met Emily Bronte, this fearless soul who raises more questions about life than she answers, and provokes us to do likewise?

Few would fail to agree that Emily Bronte is one of the two greatest women poets in English literature, and her *Wuthering Heights* is con-

ceded to be one of the most powerful novels of all time. Her only life is the inner one, a life deep and entangled and dominant within her. Most of us have such an inner life, but few of us can define ourselves for what we are, and express our inner findings in communicable and artistic form.

> Once drinking deep of that
> divinest anguish,
> How could I seek the empty
> world again?
> (text, page 718, lines 31-32).

So ends the poem "Remembrance," in which she states truth so innocently and purely that here, as in her other poems, and in her novel, her truth becomes a tie common to all mankind. Yes, indeed, her outward world was empty; her physical existence was the most barren and monotonous of all modern writers of stature. Yet ironically it was in this grim, gray straitjacket of sterile isolation that her human anguish grew during her twenty years of writing to such power and depth, that her own phrase "divine anguish" may be fairly applied.

As will be recalled from our study of Charlotte Bronte, last year, Emily's sociable, friendly sister, the Bronte children spent their lives in complete isolation at Haworth Parsonage, miles from any other house on the bleak moors of Yorkshire. They were well fed and clothed, but their father—embittered possibly, by having his own hopes for eminence in literature and in church politics wither, possibly embittered also by being left a young widower with six children—removed himself to his study where he took his meals, read, and wrote, while all his children, particularly the strong, impassioned Emily, became so starved for affection and human security that they became desperate. When Emily was eleven, Charlotte led the children in creating the imaginary kingdom of Angria, luxurious, romantic, florid with knights and ladies, adventure, and love.

When Charlotte left for school, her brother Branwell claimed leadership. In rebellion, Emily withdrew with Anne, her younger sister, and together they created the imaginary world of Gondal, a bleak island in the North Pacific, counterpart to their own beloved Yorkshire moors. Many of her best poems first appeared in the Gondal cycle, and her great achievement, *Wuthering Heights*, is but an imaginative continuation of her Gondal writings, all of which are lost save the few poems.

For us moderns who have the happenings of the world at our door each morning — nay, each quarter hour—who as a commonplace drive a thousand miles for a vacation or a holiday visit, and fly across a continent overnight, the isolation of our pioneer fathers in time and space seems almost deadly. Yet Emily knew no social comforts: no group affiliation other than attending church, no childhood friends outside the home, no newspaper, no magazines, no liberation through travel, save for eight months in Brussels in her teens. From age seven to sixteen Emily never left Haworth; when she did it almost killed her, so lonesome was she for her pattern of complete freedom within her inner life. During the last seven years of her life she left Haworth only for a few days.

Emily was not timid (far from it,

THE FOUR BRONTES—EMILY, CHARLOTTE, BRANWELL, AND ANNE
From a Painting by Branwell

as her writings prove), nor was she afraid, for one day she subdued a savage bulldog with her bare hands. It was just that, for Emily, who most wanted and needed love and human companionship, living in a vacuum came to be *the* unbearable cruelty. And in her concealed, stoic pride, she refused to beg life for bread, only to receive the familiar stone of being neglected, unloved, cut off from any chance of realizing in this life the identity only loved people know. In her poem "I Am the Only Being," she tells how she suffered, and fought with her pride:

I am the only being whose doom
No tongue would ask, no eye would mourn;
I've never caused a thought of gloom,
A smile of joy, since I was born.

In secret pleasure, secret tears,
This changeful life has slipped away
As friendless after eighteen years
As lone as on my natal day.

There have been times I cannot hide,
There have been times when this was drear,
When my sad soul forgot its pride
And longed for one to love me here. . . .

In "A Little While" (text, page 719) she tells how her "harassed heart" longs for her dreary, barren home:

The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above bends twilight's dome;
But what on earth is half so dear—
So longed for—as the hearth of home?
(lines 12-16)

Thus cut off from her own true nature, Emily found escape and reality in the rugged moors about her, and in her imagination. Here was a realm:

. . . where guile, and hate, and doubt,
And cold suspicion never rise;
Where thou [Imagination], and I, and Liberty,
Have undisputed sovereignty.

"To Imagination" (page 718, lines 8-12)

Early in her life, and throughout, Emily was terrifyingly aware of the price she paid each hour for daring to be aware of what life *could* be, and then comparing it to what her life *was*. But though the calloused world of self-interest and indifference did nothing to give her a sense of belonging, leaving her to eat out her heart in cold, empty rooms, she could not contain herself, just as she could not complain in bitterness. In her stark, magnificent "The Old Stoic," (text, page 720) she asks for her heart's desire:

> In life and death a chainless soul,
> With courage to endure.
> (lines 11-12)

Because the institutions of society —stern home, exclusive school, entrenched, self-justifying government, expedient, belligerent church—had never given her substance, she felt it necessary to escape from them—escape not above or beyond, but more deeply within. Though she promised to walk "where my own nature would be leading," ignoring the

> . . . visions rising, legion after legion, [which]
> Bring the unreal world too strangely near.
> "Often Rebuked, Yet Always Back Returning,"
> (page 720, lines 7-8)

She increasingly finds sustenance in other-worldly communications of the spirit. In "The Visionary" she defies all restraints to prevent her finding spiritual peace:

> The little lamp burns straight, its rays shoot strong and far:
> I trim it well, to be the wanderer's guiding-star.
> Frown, my haughty sire; chide, my angry dame!
> Set your slaves to spy; threaten me with shame:

HAWORTH PARSONAGE
As It Was in the Time of the Brontes

But neither sire nor dame, nor prying serf
shall know
What angel nightly tracks that waste of
frozen snow.

In "The Prisoner," also unfortunately not in our text, she tells of a beautiful woman prisoner:

. . . her face . . . soft and mild
As sculptured marble saint, or slumbering
unweaned child. . . .

who defies the jailor and his bolts and irons to "hold her long":

Still, let my tyrants know, I am not
doomed to wear
Year after year in gloom, and desolate
despair;
A messenger of Hope comes every night
to me,
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

She then tells how the messenger comes:

But, first, a hush of peace—a soundless
calm descends;
The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends;
Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered
harmony,
That I could never dream, till Earth was
lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen its
truth reveals;
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels:
Its wings are almost free—its home, its
harbor found,
Measuring the gulf, its stoops—and dares
the final bound.

Oh! dreadful is the check—intense the
agony—
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye
begins to see;
When the pulse begins to throb, the
brain to think again;
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to
feel the chain.

Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no
torture less,
The more that anguish racks, the earlier
it will bless;
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with
heavenly shine,
If it but herald death, the vision is divine!

Her earthly sentence thus "overruled by Heaven," the "prisoner," like Emily Bronte, escapes the bonds of earthly reality by finding within herself and the mystical, superior realms of the spirit, her strength and her hope.

In discussing Emily Bronte, some writers have used the word *happy*. After careful study of her best-known poems, and such references to death as in the poem above, it would seem that, for her, death is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," hardly the hope of a happy person. In her poems, as in *Wuthering Heights*, she writes often of two "escapes": a return to the innocent and mild peace of childhood, or a premature flight forward into death. Nor is death really an escape, so much as a spiritual consummation, a fulfillment desired both long and intensely, and a majestic affirmation of a great and living faith. Two years before her death from tuberculosis, she also wrote of her own death, then both near and inevitable, because of the universal love of life, something to be postponed as long as possible. In her poem, "The Night Is Darkening" (text, page 719) how much more is spoken than the words on the page; how universal is her struggle with "a tyrant spell" which so unreasonably causes her to draw back from death in a fear never expressed in the poem, but dominating it nonetheless.

Two years later, when death is

upon her, she welcomes it with a fierce, defiant confidence, proclaiming the failures of all false creeds:

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine [God's] infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Not atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

"No Coward Soul Is Mine"
(page 720, lines 13-28)

Here are the final proclamations of a soul far larger and stronger than the words she left us. Simple, unadorned, but saturated with a profound sincerity and a great life-philosophy, her poems reveal to us the unshaken integrity of a great companion-spirit. If her poems be accepted as evidence, Emily Bronte well deserved the judgment of her sister Charlotte who wrote of her, in 1850, in the preface to *Wuthering Heights*: "I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone."

It was so to the very end. Unwell for years, Emily became chilled as she stood at the graveside of her dissolute brother, Branwell. Even though she knew in the following weeks that she was dying, she pushed her body relentlessly and demanded even more of her mind. When finally she yielded to her family's pleadings and consented to have a doctor, she arose from her deathbed and dressed herself completely before he arrived. In a way her death was fittingly timed—December 19, 1848 — for only in winter were the moors at their bleakest. And yet for the author of such poems as hers — author even more significantly of *Wuthering Heights* — the bonds of time and place are contributory but incidental. "Liberty was the breath of Emily's nostrils: without it she perished," wrote Charlotte. Yes, we might well remark, and with it she lived — and lives, as few mortals, and fewer women, have ever done, in her poetry and in *Wuthering Heights*.

Questions for Discussion

1. How do Emily Bronte's surroundings and home environment relate to her poetry?

2. For Emily, what is reality? What is universal in her poetry?

3. Is her courage real or fancied? Do you consider it rather foolish or demonstrative? Why or why not?

4. Prove liberty to be the very breath of Emily's existence.

5. As far as you can see, is Emily Bronte inspired by faith? If so, faith in what?

Fulfillment

Catherine E. Berry

The boundless eagerness with which
He greets the turning tide
Of spring's green wakening, is spent
When road and countryside
Lie bronze and golden in the sun
Where autumn shadows rim,
But barn and pantry shelf reveal
The earth's response to him.

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

(It is recommended that each Relief Society member read the text of the Constitution relating to each lesson as printed before the lesson)

Article II

Section 1. The executive Power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his Office during the Term of four Years, and, together with the Vice President, chosen for the same Term, be elected, as follows:

Each State shall appoint, in such Manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a Number of Electors, equal to the whole Number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress: but no Senator or Representative, or Person holding an Office of Trust or Profit under the United States, shall be appointed an Elector.

[The Electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by Ballot for two persons, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. And they shall make a List of all the Persons voted for, and of the Number of Votes for each; which List they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the Seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the Presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the Certificates, and the Votes shall then be counted. The Person having the greatest Number of Votes shall be the President, if such Number be a Majority of the whole Number of Electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such Majority, and have an equal Number of Votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately chuse by Ballot one of them for President; and if no Person have a Majority, then from the five highest on the List the said House shall in like manner chuse the President. But in chusing the President, the Votes shall be taken by States, the Representation from each State having one Vote; A quorum for this Purpose shall consist of a Member or Members from two-thirds of the States, and a Majority of all the States shall be necessary to a Choice. In every Case, after the Choice of the President, the Person having the greatest Number of Votes of the Electors shall be the Vice President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal Votes, the Senate shall chuse from them by Ballot the Vice President.] This paragraph in brackets was superseded on September 25, 1804.

The Congress may determine the Time of chusing the Electors, and the Day on which they shall give their Votes; which Day shall be the same throughout the United States.

No person except a natural born Citizen, or a Citizen of the United States, at the time of the Adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the Office of President; neither shall any Person be eligible to that Office who shall not have attained to the Age of thirty five Years, and been fourteen Years a Resident within the United States.

In Case of the Removal of the President from Office, or of his Death, Resignation, or Inability to discharge the Powers and Duties of the said Office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by Law provide for the Case of Removal, Death, Resignation or Inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what Officer shall then act as President, and such Officer shall act accordingly, until the Disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.

The President shall, at stated Times, receive for his Services, a Compensation, which shall neither be encreased nor diminished during the Period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that Period any other Emolument from the United States, or any of them.

Before he enter on the Execution of his Office, he shall take the following Oath or Affirmation:—"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Section 2. The President shall be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the Militia of the several States, when called into the actual Service of the United States; he may require the Opinion, in writing of the principal Officer in each of the executive Departments, upon any subject relating to the Duties of their respective Offices, and he shall have Power to grant Reprieves and Pardons for Offences against the United States, except in Cases of Impeachment.

He shall have Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, to make Treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the supreme Court, and all other Officers of the United States, whose Appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by Law: but the Congress may by Law vest the Appointment of such inferior Officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the Courts of Law, or in the Heads of Departments.

The President shall have the Power to fill up all Vacancies that may happen during the Recess of the Senate, by granting Commissions which shall expire at the End of their next Session.

Section 3. He shall from time to time give to the Congress Information of the State of the Union, and recommend to their Consideration such Measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary Occasions, convene both Houses, or either of them, and in Case of Disagreement between them, with Respect to the Time of Adjournment, he may adjourn them to such Time as he shall think proper; he shall receive Ambassadors and other public Ministers; he shall take Care that the Laws be faithfully executed, and shall Commission all the Officers of the United States.

Section 4. The President, Vice President and all civil Officers of the United States, shall be removed from Office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery, or other high Crimes and Misdemeanors.

Article III

Section 1. The Judicial Power of the United States, shall be vested in one supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish.

The Judges, both of the supreme and inferior Courts, shall hold their Offices during good Behaviour, and shall, at stated Times, receive for their Services a Compensation which shall not be diminished during their Continuance in Office.

Section 2. The judicial Power shall extend to all Cases, in Law and Equity, arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made, or which shall be made, under their Authority;—to all cases Affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers, and Consuls;—to all Cases of admiralty and maritime Jurisdiction;— to Controversies to which the United States shall be a Party;—to Controversies between two or more States;—between a State and Citizens of another State;—between Citizens of different States,—between Citizens of the same State claiming Lands under Grants of different States, and between a State, or the Citizens thereof, and foreign States, Citizens or Subjects.

In all Cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be Party, the supreme Court shall have original Jurisdiction. In all the other Cases before mentioned, the supreme Court shall have appellate Jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make.

The Trial of all Crimes, except in Cases of Impeachment, shall be by Jury; and such Trial shall be held in the State where the said Crimes shall have been committed;

but when not committed within any State, the Trial shall be at such Place or Places as the Congress may by Law have directed.

Section 3. Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying War against them, or in adhering to their Enemies, giving them Aid and Comfort.

No Person shall be convicted of Treason unless on the Testimony of two Witnesses to the same overt Act, or on Confession in open Court.

The Congress shall have Power to declare the Punishment of Treason, but no Attainder of Treason shall work Corruption of Blood, or Forfeiture except during the Life of the Person attainted.

Lesson 10. Its Form and Content—The Executive (Article 11) and Judicial (Article III) Departments; The Doctrine of Judicial Review

Elder Albert R. Bowen

Text: *Your Rugged Constitution* (*Y. R. C.*) pp. 112-155; *The Constitution of the United States, Its Sources and Its Application* (*C. of U. S.*), pp. 99-153

For Tuesday, January 25, 1955

Objective: To consider the powers, functions, offices and purposese of the Executive and Judicial Departments and their relation to the Legislative Department and to each other. Also to consider the great doctrine of "Judicial Review."

The Executive Department (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 112-141; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 99-129)

ARTICLE II of the Constitution provides for the Executive Department of the Government. These provisions were the subject of much debate. At the beginning of the Constitutional Convention there was no clear-cut plan formulated. However, it was agreed by all the framers that there was imperative need for a national executive authority. Lack of a national executive under the Articles of Confederation was one of the fundamental weaknesses of the Confederation.

Section I of Article II vests the executive authority of the Government in the President of the United States of America. His term of office is fixed at four years, as is the term of the Vice-President.

The offices of President and Vice-President were made elective, not by direct ballot, but by electors. The Presidential electors are appointed or elected by a method determined by the legislatures of each state, and they equal the number of members of Congress, both Senators and Representatives, to which such state is entitled.

Originally, the Constitution provided that the electors (see *Y. R. C.*, pp. 114-115) of each state should vote for two persons, the one having the highest number of votes of the total Electoral College was to be designated as President; and the one having the lesser number should be the Vice-President. (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 114-117; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 103-105). In case of a tie vote, the House of Representatives chose which of the two should be President. The Constitution provided for this method of electing the President and Vice-President until the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment in 1804. The reasons for the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment will be considered in a later lesson.

Congress fixes by law the time of choosing the electors and the

day on which they shall vote, which must be the same day throughout the United States.

To hold the office of President, the candidate must be a natural-born citizen and must be at least thirty-five years of age and be a resident of the United States for at least fourteen years.

In case of his removal, death, resignation, or inability to discharge the office of President, the Vice-President shall be President, and Congress by law has power to designate the succession to the office of President, when also the Vice-President is no longer able to fill the Presidency .

The President receives compensation for his services and the compensation he receives may not be increased or diminished during his term of office. He is also prohibited from receiving any other salary or emoluments from the United States or any of them during his term of office.

Article II, section I, clause 8 reads:

> Before he enter on the Execution of his Office, he shall take the following Oath or Affirmation:—"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States (*C. of U. S.*, page 110).

The Presidential office carries great power and prestige. In fact it is probably the most powerful political office in the world today. This is, of course, due in part to the fact this nation is the most powerful on earth.

Powers and Duties of the President (*C. of U. S.*, pp. 110-129; *Y. R. C.*, pp. 126-139).

The President is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and of the militia of the several states, when called into service of the United States.

The President has power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in impeachment cases.

The President has power to grant make treaties with foreign nations provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur. He appoints the ambassadors, ministers, and consuls of the United States, the judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States. Congress, however, may, by law, vest the appointment of inferior officers, as it shall think proper, in the President, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

In case of vacancies during recess of the Senate, the President has power to fill such vacancies by commissions which expire at the end of the next session of the Senate.

The President is given the duty from time to time of reporting to Congress on the State of the Union and to recommend laws and measures for its consideration; on extraordinary occasions he may call Congress into session and may adjourn both houses if they are unable to agree upon adjournment (*Y. R. C.*, page 136; *C. of U. S.*, page 121).

He receives ambassadors and ministers of foreign states, and has the duty to see that the laws of the United States are faithfully executed. In addition he appoints all officers of the United States.

The concluding section of Article II states the reasons for removal of office of the President, Vice President, and all civil officers of the

United States, "on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery, or other high Crimes and Misdemeanors" (*Y. R. C.* pp. 140-141; *C. of U. S.*, page 129).

The Judicial Department

(*Y. R. C.*, pp. 144-155; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 131-153).

In the minds of most students of government, the crowning achievement of the framers was the provision made in the Constitution for the Judicial Department of the Government. This is provided for by Article III.

Judicial Review

A feature of our Constitutional system, which is not known in any other governmental system, at least to the same degree, is that of judicial review. This means that the actions and functions of the Legislative and Executive Departments are subject to review in the courts. In no other single illustration was the genius of the founding fathers so clearly manifest as in the provision made for the courts to nullify the acts of the other two departments which are contrary to the fundamental law of the Constitution. In one stroke arbitrary and tyrannical government was literally made impossible in America. The rights of individual citizens to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness were made secure and placed beyond the power of government.

The Constitution does not, in words, provide for judicial review. This power was first asserted by the Supreme Court of the United States in the famous case of Marbury vs. Madison. Chief Justice Marshall, the great judge who laid the foundations of Constitutional law under the Constitution, enunciated the great principle that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, and gave utterance to the doctrine that the Legislative and Executive Departments were bound by its provisions. Anything done or enacted contrary to the Constitution has been declared to be of no force or effect since that decision was rendered.

By contrast, in England, the courts have no such power to control laws passed by Parliament or to prevent their enforcement. If Parliament should pass a law, no matter how unjust or unwise, the Crown may carry it out and the English courts are powerless to prevent its enforcement.

The principle of judicial review is extended to the state legislatures and executives and all state constitutions are construed to give the courts of both the state and Federal Government this power of review.

By Article III, section 1, the judicial power of the United States is vested in the Supreme Court and such inferior courts as Congress may establish. Judges are appointed to hold office during good behavior, and the compensation they receive may not be diminished during their continuance in office.

The Judiciary was created as an independent and co-ordinate department of the Government. The independence of the Judiciary insures that Congress and the Executive shall not exceed the powers conferred upon them by the Constitution. For example, in all cases, including those in which the Government is a party, the decision shall be according to law without interference from any department of

the Government which might have an interest in the outcome.

Under Article III, Congress has established a complete system of Federal courts having jurisdiction in all parts of the United States (*Y. R. C.*, page 83).

Article III, section 2, prescribes the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. The judicial power of these courts extends to all cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution; the laws of the United States and treaties made with foreign governments; to all cases affecting ambassadors and ministers; cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; controversies between two or more states; between a state and citizens of another state, and between citizens of different states. Originally the Constitution provided that the judicial power should extend to controversies between citizens of the same state claiming lands under grants of different states and between a state or the citizens thereof and foreign states, citizens or subjects (*Y. R. C.*, page 147; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 136-144).

This latter clause was amended by the Eleventh Amendment on June 8, 1798, to provide expressly that the judicial power of the United States should not extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another state or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state. The reasons for this Amendment will be discussed in a later lesson in this series.

Under the provisions of Article III, section 2, clause 2, in all cases which affect ambassadors, ministers,

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or consuls, and those in which a state shall be a party, the Supreme Court of the United States has original jurisdiction. That is to say, such suits or actions may be commenced in the Supreme Court itself. In all other cases the Supreme Court of the United States has appelate jurisdiction only. Appelate jurisdiction means the power to hear cases on appeal from lower or inferior Federal courts and from state courts where the same may have been commenced or appealed.

Article III, section 2, clause 3 of the Constitution specifically provides that all trials involving criminal offenses shall be tried by jury and shall be held in the state where the offense was committed. When not committed within any state, trial shall be at such place as Congress may, by law, provide.

Article III, section 3, clause 1 defines the crime of treason against the United States. It shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid or comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason except on the testimony of two witness to the same overt act, or on confession in open court. This Constitutional requirement makes the conviction of treason a most difficult task for the Government to accomplish.

Congress, in addition, has the power to prescribe the punishment for treason which, under present law, is punishable by "death, or imprisonment and fine, with the loss of right to hold office under the United States" (*C. of U. S.*, page 152). but conviction (attainder) of treason shall work no corruption of blood or forfeiture except during

the life of the person attainted (convicted). (See *Y. R. C.*, page 155; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 149-153.)

"Corruption of Blood" means the destruction of the right to inherit property. Forfeiture is the forced relinquishing of estate or property to the government.

Questions on the Lesson

1. In what office is the executive authority of the Government vested?
2. Is an Executive Department essential to the Government? Why?
3. How were the President and Vice-President originally chosen under the Constitution? What is the present method of selection?
4. Name some of the powers and functions of the office of President of the United States.
5. How many Presidential Electors does each state have?
6. What are the necessary qualifications for the Presidency?
7. In whom is the judicial power of the United States vested and to what classes of cases does it extend?
8. What is the purpose of the Judicial Department and how does it affect the Executive and Legislative Departments?
9. How are judges appointed under the Constitution?
10. Discuss briefly the doctrine of "Judicial Review" and how it operates to protect the liberties of all citizens.

Visitor

Genevieve Groen

Winter winds greet wigwams
After Indian summer feet
Have danced trees bare,
And walked the leaves to sleep.

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Love Grows Fonder

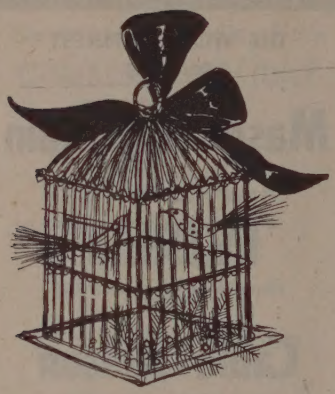
Ethel Jacobson

Love grows fonder
Through the years;
Laughter's sweeter
After tears.

Hands are dearer,
Loved and known
For caresses
Often shown.

Love, at first
So fragile-sweet,
Fills a life
It made complete.

And gossamer strands
That caught my heart
Are fused to steel
By love-wise art.



The Golden Cage

Elizabeth Williamson

ADD something a little different—a little glamorous to your home decorations this year. Make a gilded cage.

1. Secure an old bird cage retrieved from an attic, a basement, or a second-hand store.
2. Paint the cage gold or silver.
3. Get two Christmas tree ornament birds from the store, and attach them inside the cage.
4. Place sprigs of evergreens and some red berries on the bottom of the cage.
5. Tie a big red or green bow on the top of the cage.

Night of Magic

Eunice J. Miles

Grinning goblins, sheeted ghosts,
Merge and fade in eerie light,
Jack-o-lanterns blink a path
For gypsies trailing in the night.
Lanky figures short and tall
As they challenge: "Trick or treat"!
In a chilling undertone.

How could anyone believe
Such gay spirits, magic-led,
At the witching hour of ten
Would be fast asleep in bed.

Work in Print

Fanny G. Brunt

For years she tried to create poems
With rhymn and meter right,
But critics frowned upon them,
Called her words and phrases "trite."

But still she kept persisting,
Till her hair was getting gray,
To see her work appear in print
That urge she could not stay.

After years of trying to write
A poem or a sonnet,
She made a pretty apron
With lace and ruffles on it;

Her work improved with practice,
And from prints of rare design,
Each apron was a classic
Like a pretty valentine.

By needle thread and thimble,
An art, and skill, and dint,
Even in far off places now—
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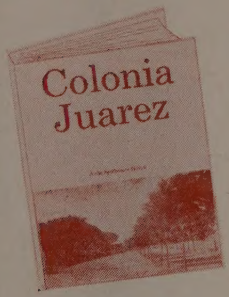

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Autumn Glory...

Summer fades fast in the high mountain valleys, and nature, in a wild burst of energy, seems determined to display her most beautiful charms before winter's icy grip strips her foliage. The aspen leaves reflect the sun like polished gold coins. The blazing red maples, the bronze oak leaves, and the deep-green evergreens blend into color harmonies that defy the artist's brush.

The autumn years in a man's life can also be the most beautiful of all. With maturing ability to distinguish ideas and things of real worth, with more time to meditate and to enjoy, and provided with reasonable assurance against financial worries, no one need fear the advancing years, but rather welcome them.

Planned Beneficial Life programs have enabled thousands to enjoy to their fullest these golden years . . . but you should start such a retirement program as early as possible. Ask your Beneficial Life insurance counselor about the many popular planned retirement plans. Call him now, while you have it fresh in mind.

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